

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP...TOPS *for* LAUGHS!

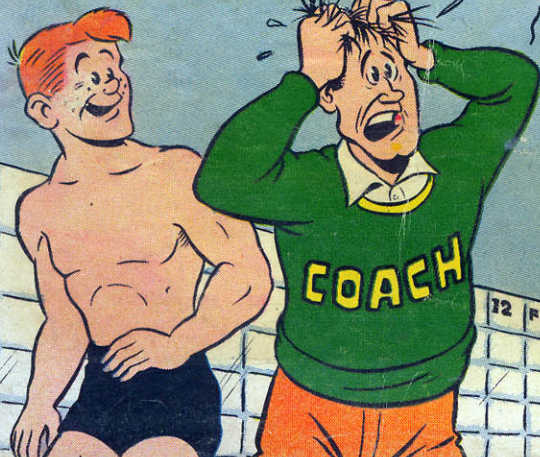
AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

№36
JULY

The KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a
**ONCE - IN - A -
LIFETIME
COMICS MAGAZINE!**

THE HOODED HORSEMAN

--A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



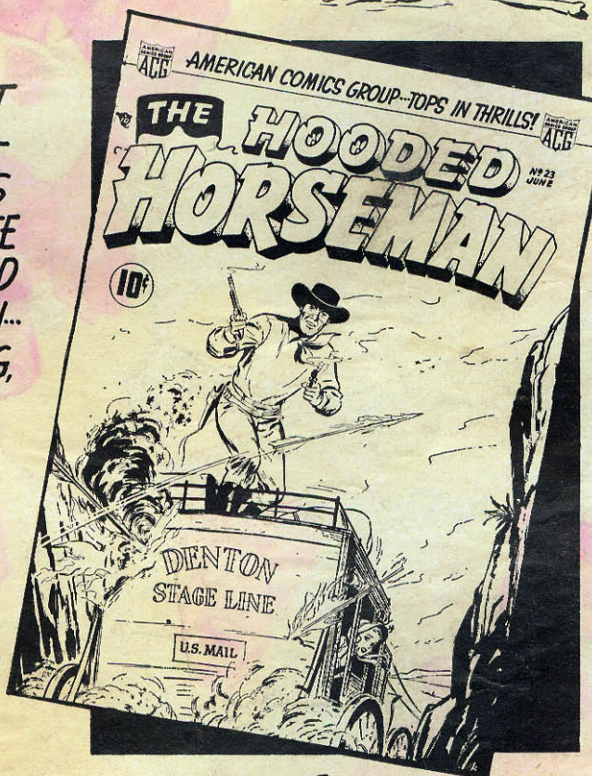
You'll GASP AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★★★

You've NEVER read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

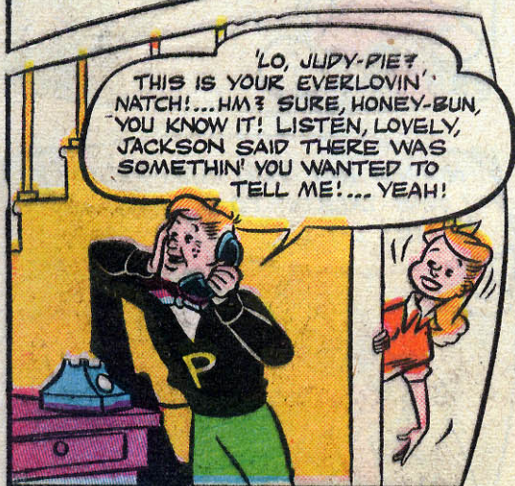
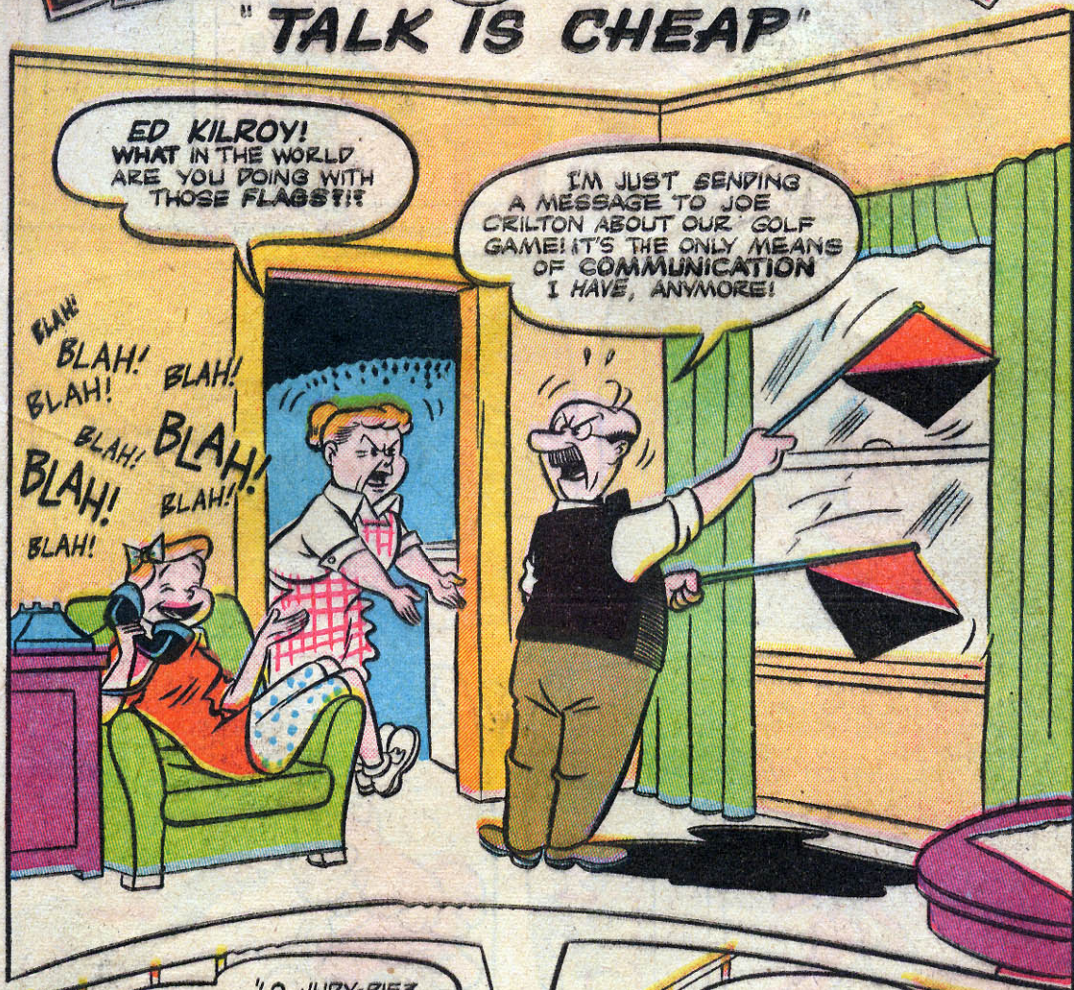
THE HOODED HORSEMAN!

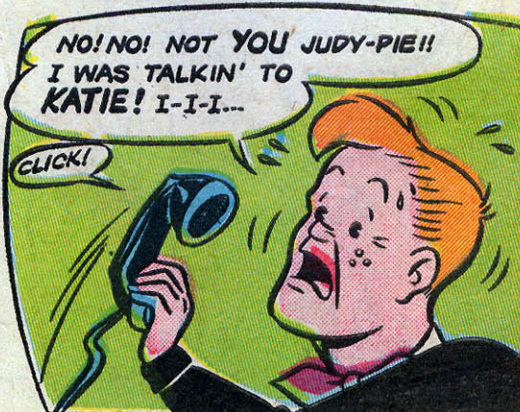
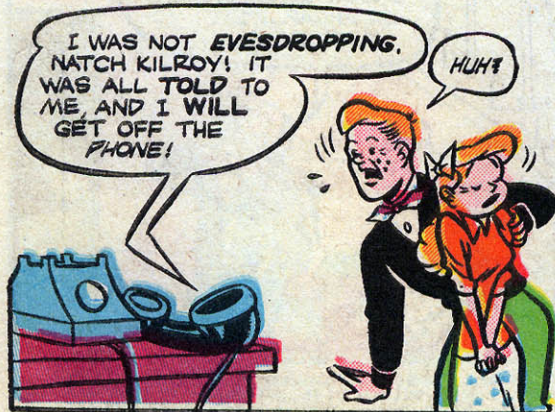
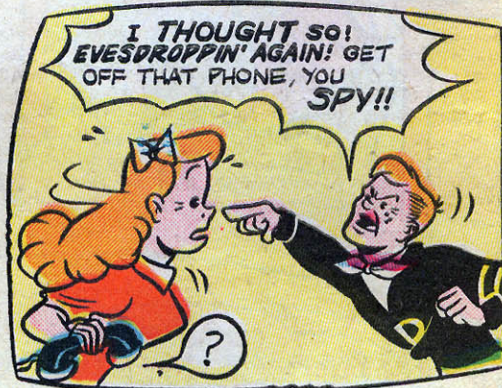
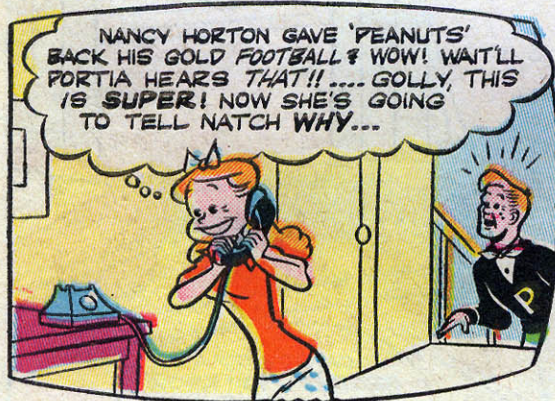
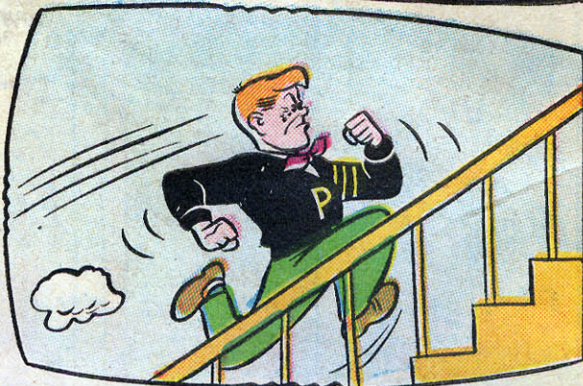
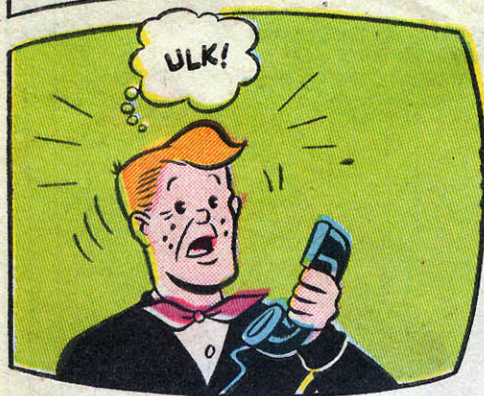
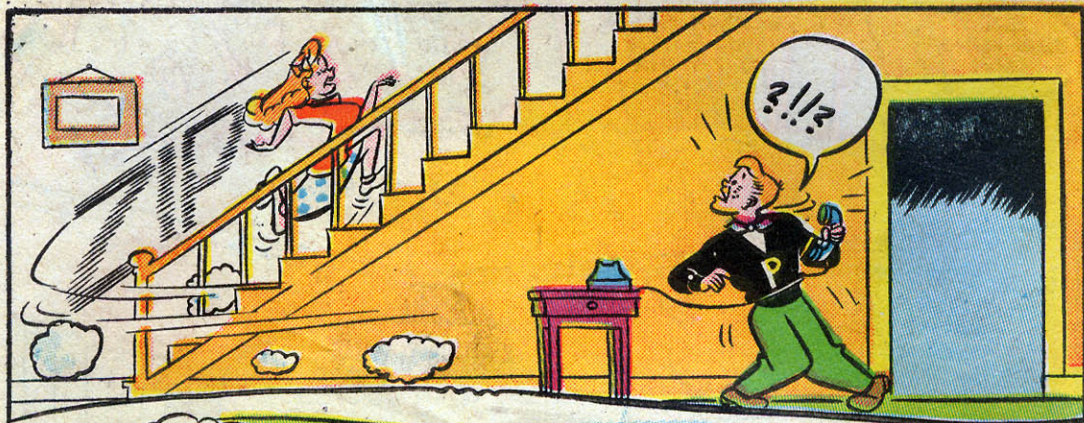


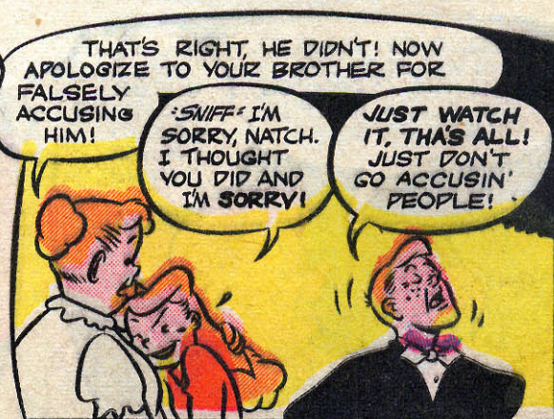
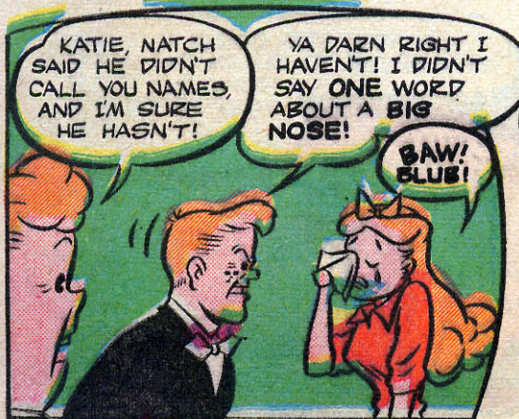
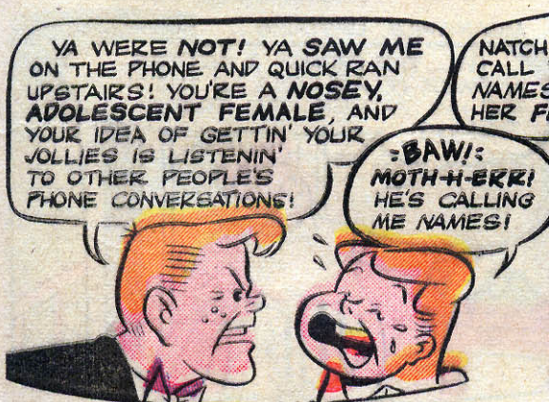
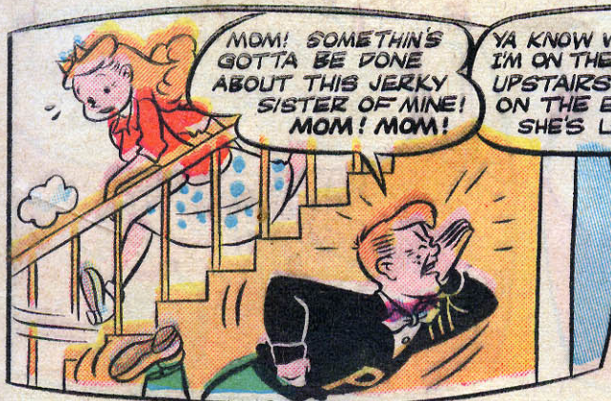
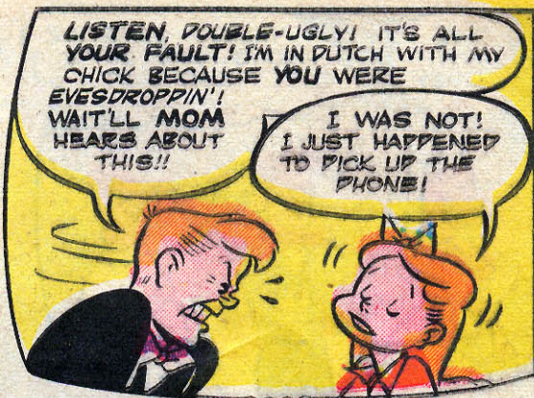
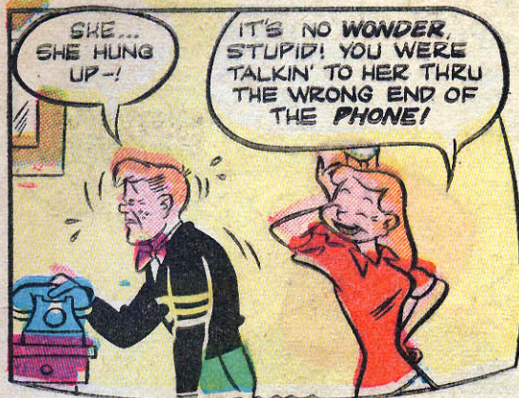
10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

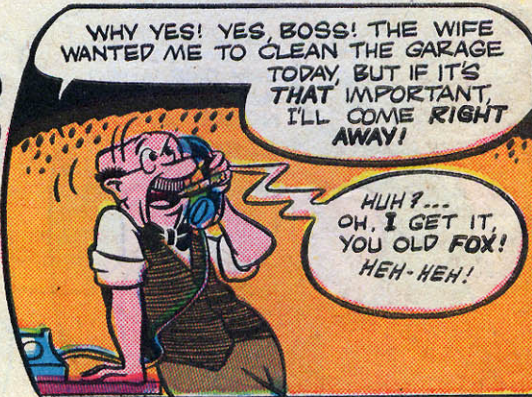
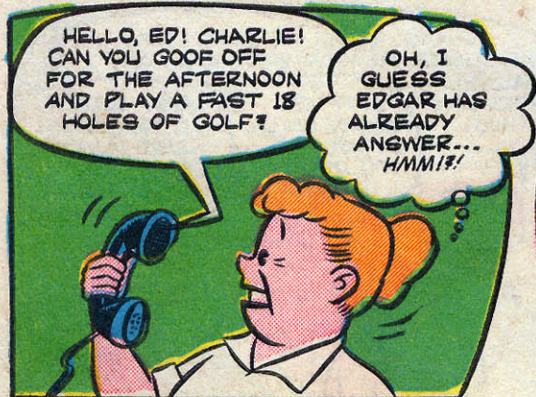
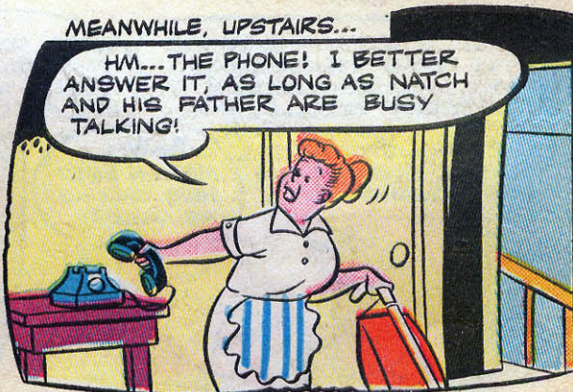
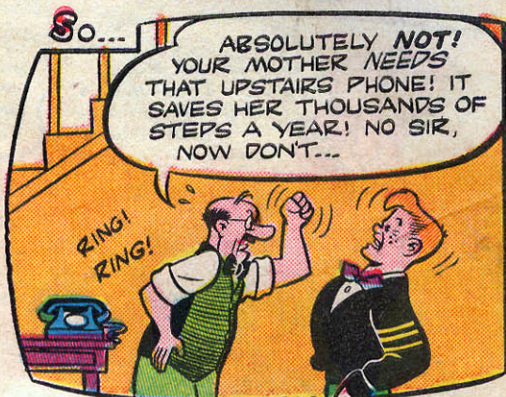
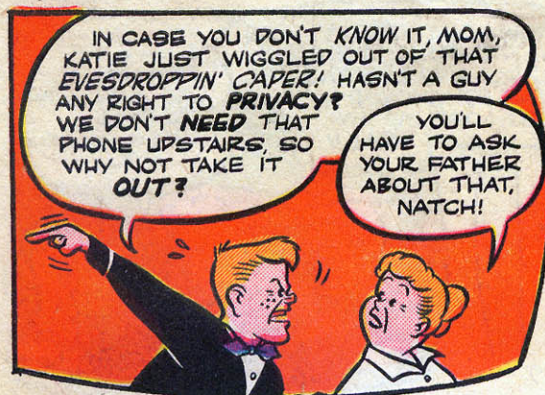
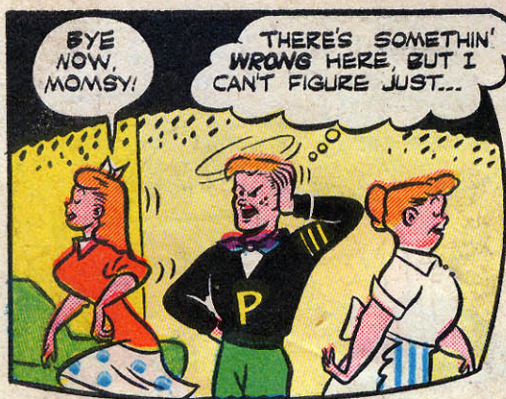
KATIE KILROY

in
"TALK IS CHEAP"











OH,
EMMA!
EMMA!

I'M RIGHT AT
THE HEAD OF THE
STAIRS, DEAR...
WHAT IS IT?



POGGONE IT, EM,
BAD NEWS!...GUESS
WHO JUST CALLED?

CHARLIE, AND
HE WANTS YOU TO
GOOF OFF AND PLAY
A FAST 18 HOLES
AT THE CLUB!



-AND THAT IS BAD NEWS,
BECAUSE YOU AREN'T GOING!
NOW GET STARTED ON THAT
GARAGE, YOU OLD FOX!!



NATCH, YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S HIGH TIME WE
CUT EXPENSES AROUND HERE! THAT
UPSTAIRS PHONE MUST GO!
I CAN'T AFFORD
TWO PHONES!

WOW! NOW I
CAN MAKE UP WITH
JUDY-PIE!... AND NO
MORE PHONE
HASSLES!



SO, LATER ON...

MOTHER! MOTHER!
IT'S GONE! THE
UPSTAIRS PHONE IS
GONE!!

YES, I KNOW,
DEAR! YOUR FATHER
HAD IT TAKEN OUT
ABOUT AN HOUR AGO!

TAKEN OUT? THAT'S
NOT FAIR! I SIMPLY
CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT!
I MEAN I'LL
SIMPLY DIE,
MOTHER!

I'LL MISS IT
TOO, DEAR, BUT
YOUR FATHER PAYS
THE BILLS AROUND
HERE, AND HE HAS A
PERFECT RIGHT TO
CUT DOWN WHERE-
EVER HE CAN!

TEN MINUTES LATER AT THE SWEET
TOOTH...



HONESTLY, PORTIA,
I'LL SIMPLY PERISH
WITHOUT THAT
UPSTAIRS PHONE!
HOW WILL I
HEAR ANY
NEWS!

GOLLY, KATIE, I...
WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!
OUR PHONE IS YOUR
PARTY LINE... SO I
CAN HEAR YOUR
CONVERSATIONS AT MY
HOUSE, AND IF YOU
WANNA SPEND 3 BUCKS,
YOU CAN TOO!



LOOK! THERE
THEY ARE!
THEY WORK
JUST LIKE
REAL ONES!

GOLLY...I'LL TAKE THESE,
MR. STIDDLE, AND ALSO
AN EXTRA
200 FEET
OF WIRE!

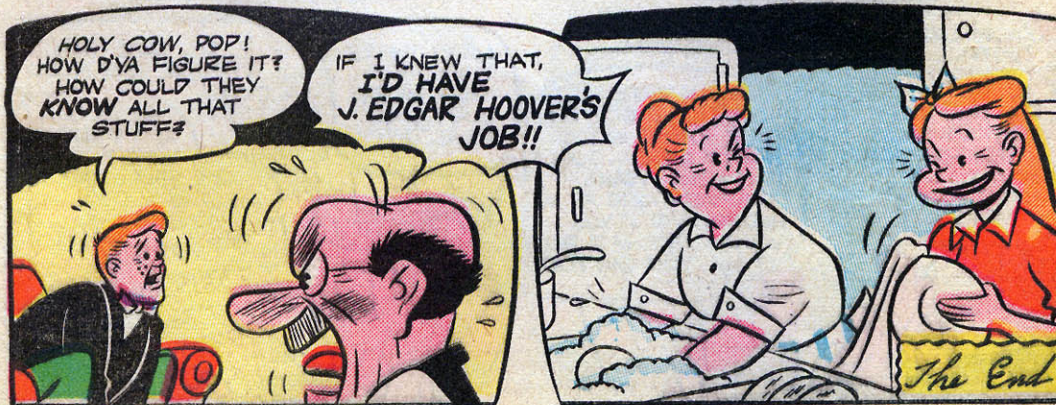
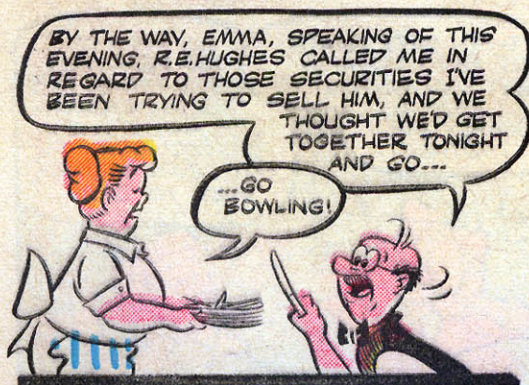
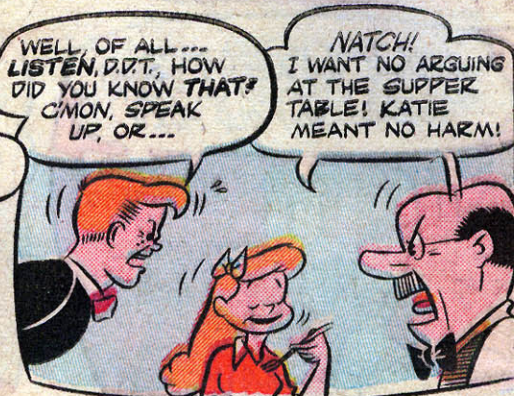
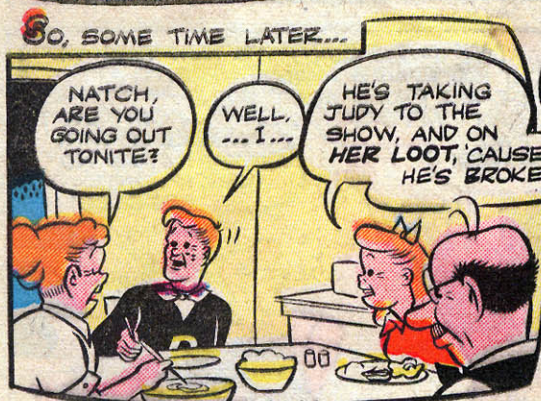
AN EXTRA
200 FEET OF
WIRE?...WHAT
ARE YOU GOING TO
DO...LAY A CO-AXIAL
CABLE?

DEPT. STORE

PLAY PHONES



SO, SOME TIME LATER...



the "POPSICLE" KIDS SAVE THE DAY



TESS AND TIM SOLVE A BIG GIFT PROBLEM

WOW! WE ALMOST FORGOT MOM AND POP'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!



IT'S NEXT WEEK AND I DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY FOR A GIFT!

I'M BROKE TOO!



I GOT IT! WE'LL USE THE "POPSICLE" GIANT GIFT LIST!

TERRIFIC IDEA!



HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL PLASTIC APRON FOR MOM... A HUNTING KNIFE FOR DAD!

I'LL COUNT OUR BAGS!



THE BIG DAY

MY, WHAT A LOVELY APRON!

AND LOOK AT THIS SWELL HUNTING KNIFE!



SAVED BY THE BAGS WITH THE POLKA DOTS, EH KIDS?

YOU SAID IT! AND THESE "POPSICLE" GIFTS ARE SWELL PRESENTS FOR ANY OCCASION, FOR ANYONE, TOO!



GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



#15 TEA APRON

Beautiful vinyl-plastic apron. Hand-painted flower design. Ideal for Mother, daughter, sister. State choice of Kelly Green, Yellow or Royal Blue.

235 BAGS or 50¢ & 15 BAGS



#11 HUNTING KNIFE

Sturdy, precision-built with beautiful carved handle. 5" steel blade. leather sheath attaches to your belt.

200 BAGS or 55¢ & 25 BAGS



#116 BASEBALL EMBLEM SET

1 Large & 1 small emblem of your favorite National or American League team.

Swell for sweater, jacket, cap. State team.

40 BAGS or 10¢ & 5 BAGS



GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS and many more... ask for **GIANT GIFT LIST FREE** at your Ice Cream Store... or write to "POPSICLE PETE" at address nearest you

Address "POPSICLE PETE"

Dept. C, Box 678, N. Y. 46, N. Y.

2856 East 11 St., Los Angeles 23, Cal.

313 N. Highland Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

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That IRRESISTIBLE PERSONALITY!

THE TROUBLE WITH wimmin, Beanie reflected unhappily, was that you *badda* like 'em! Especially Susan Jane Bailey! And the trouble with *her* was that she didn't even know Beanie was in town!

Moodily, he brushed the jacket of his navy blue suit before getting into it. The brush hit a small, bulky object in one of the pockets. Beanie fished for it, eyed it with no interest at all, and then, for want of a place to put it, threw it back into the pocket again. "What if my pocket *does* bulge!" he thought. "*She* won't notice me, anyhow!"

Straightening his tie, Beanie tried in vain to flatten the stubborn cowlick of hair that crowned his head. Neither water nor hair tonic nor the application of a stiff brush, however, could subdue that determined lock of hair, which sprang right up again after having been laid low.

"Phooey!" said Beanie, regarding the final dressed-up effect in the mirror. "Double-phooey!"

This, you will admit, was hardly the way to feel before going to a party, but Beanie's discouragement was deep. All his hair-brushing, clothes-brushing, shoe-brushing and uncertainty about which tie to wear would be lost on the only girl in the world for him...Susan Jane Bailey!

The party confirmed Beanie's unhappiest expectations. Everyone was there, having a swell time, and so was *she*! Every time Beanie looked at her, her black ringlets shining, her wide, gray eyes laughing, her blue taffeta dress shimmering, he gulped. Three times he had started towards her, determined to say something that would make her notice him, and three times,

his throat had filled with a mighty gulp. It was just no use!

"Hey, Beanie," Ken yelled to him, "you're nearest the kitchen! Bring us a bottle...any kind, so long as it's empty! We're gonna play spin-the-bottle!"

The laughter of the gang at the hilarious idea of playing that kid game followed Beanie into the kitchen. He had no heart for such nonsense! It would never be his luck to spin the bottle and have it point at...her! Beanie stopped thinking suddenly! How could he think, when he was blinded and numbed by an inspiration?

Making sure the cap was on the coke bottle, he carried it into the living room. The gang was already seated in a circle on the floor. Seeming to select someone at random, Beanie thrust the bottle into Susan Jane's hand. "You spin!" he said.

Shyly, Susan Jane twirled the bottle...and around it went! Around, and around, and around...and then, when it stopped...

"It's Beanie!"

"Hey, ya lucky guy!"

"Go on, Susie, kiss 'im!"

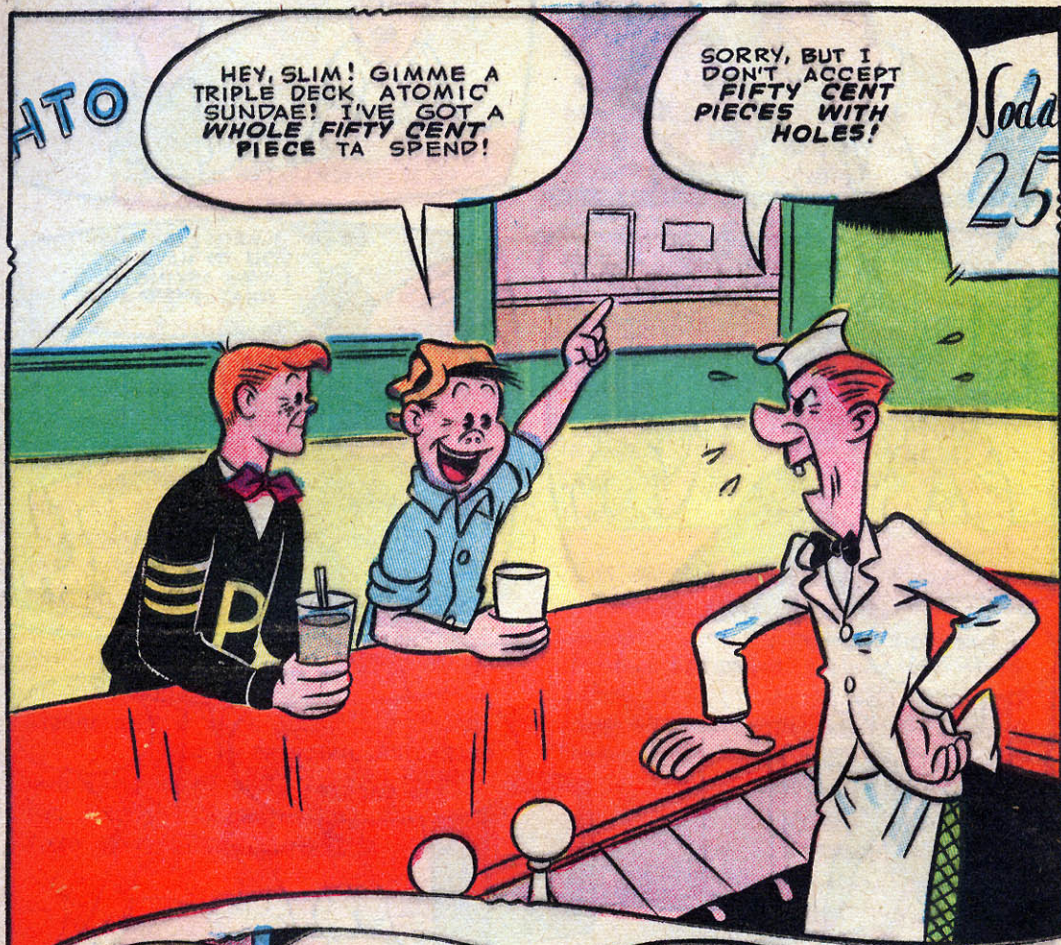
Susan looked shy, but Beanie leaned forward...and kissed the girl of his dreams! "H'lo, Susie!" he said.

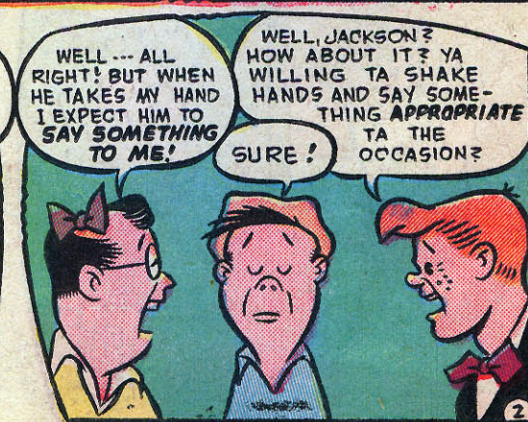
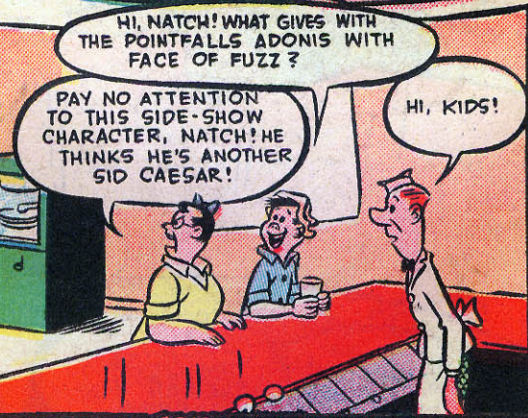
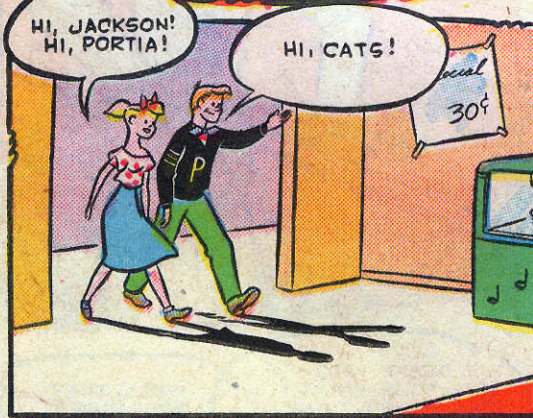
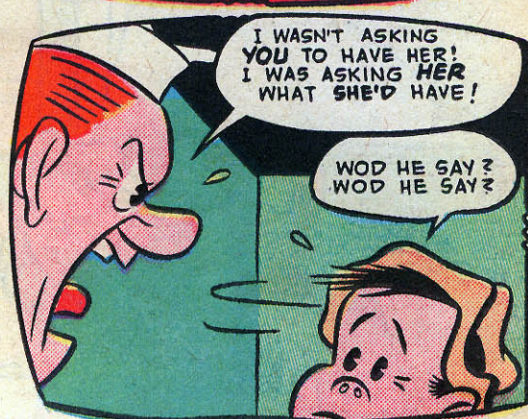
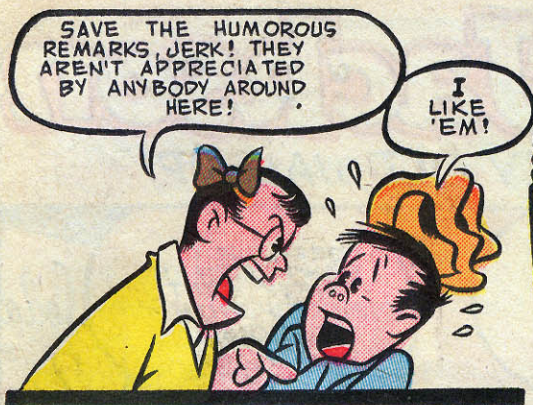
The gray eyes were wide with surprise. For the first time, Susan Jane was *seeing* Beanie! "H'lo," she said. "I...I think your cowlick's cute!"

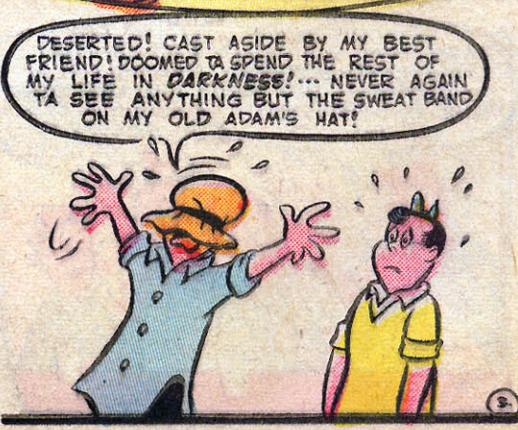
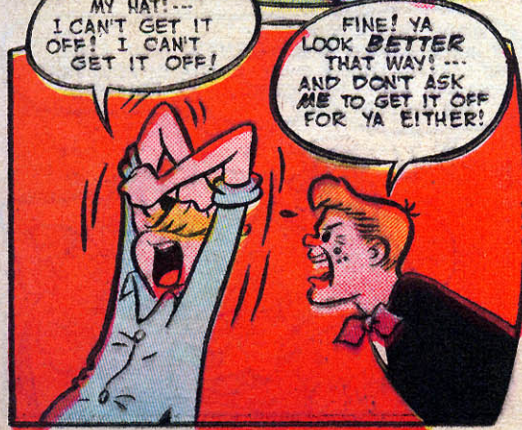
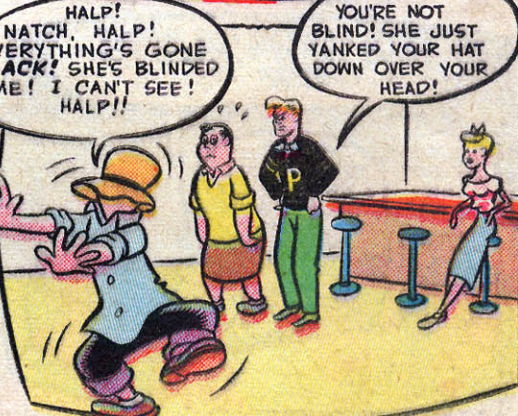
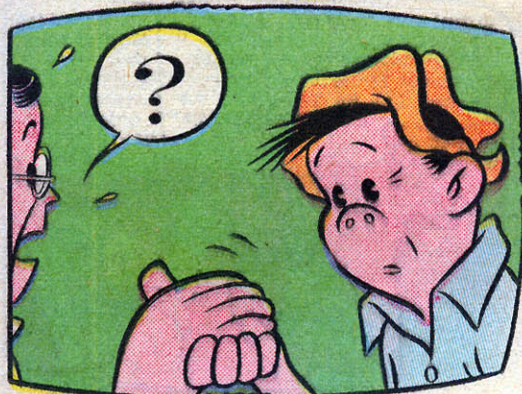
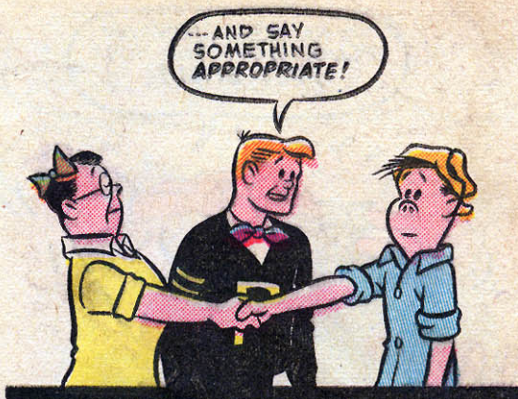
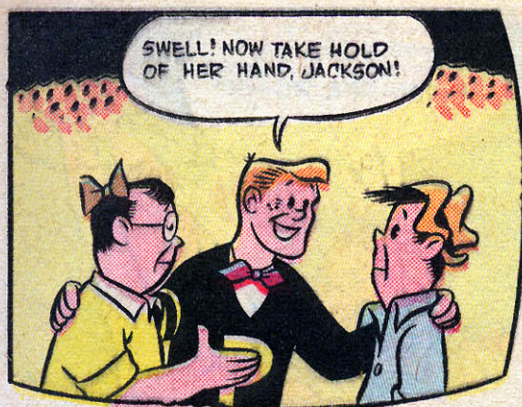
Beanie's heart swelled with rapture. He knew for sure that Susan Jane would be his girl from then on...and gratefully, he touched the magnet that caused the bulge in his pocket. The magnet was shaped like a horse-shoe. "That sure means *good luck*!" Beanie thought happily.

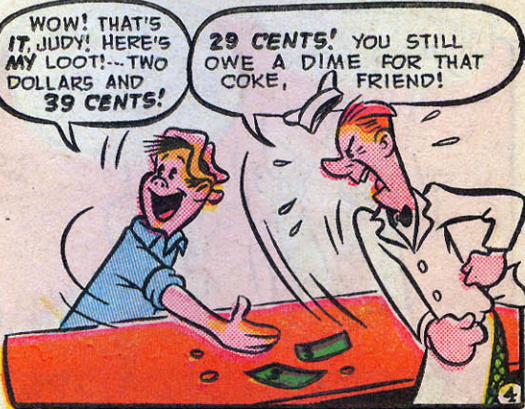
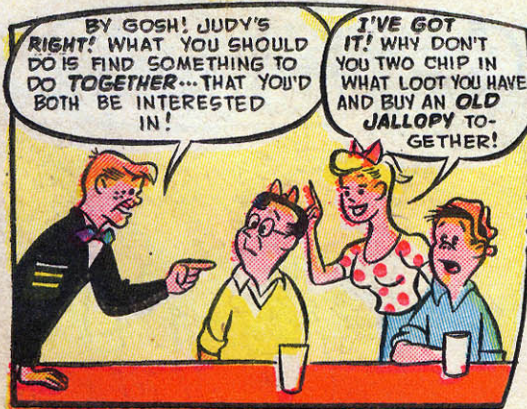
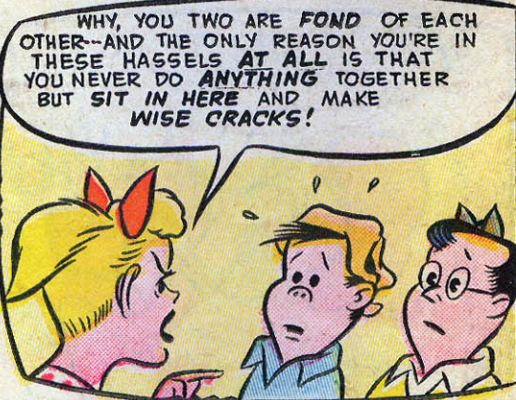
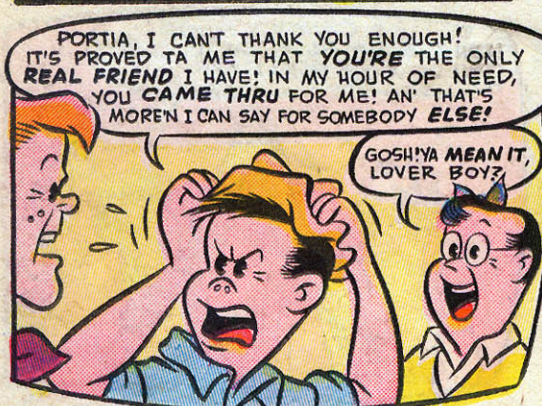
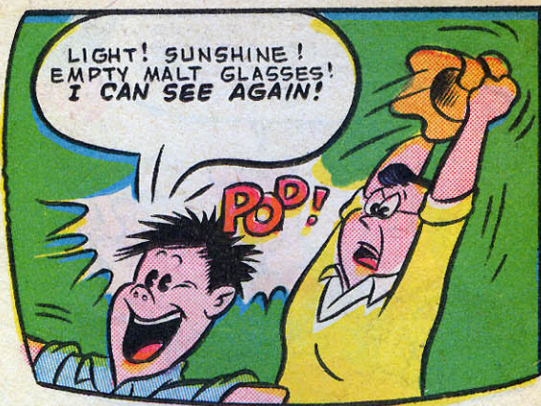
PORTIA and Jackson

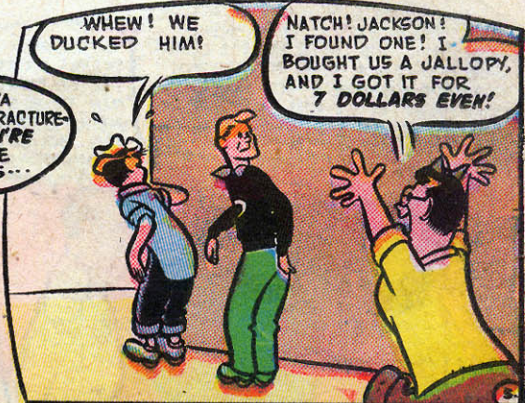
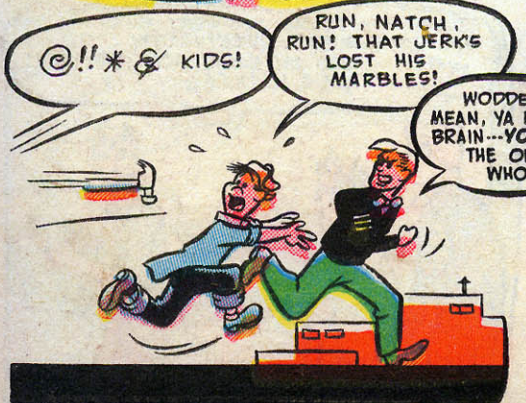
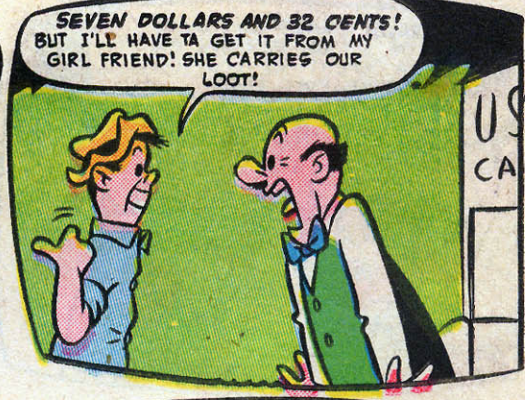
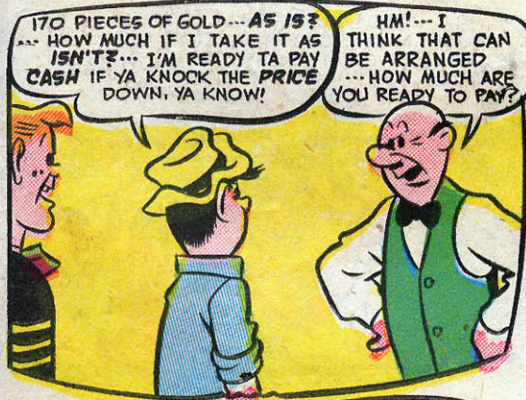
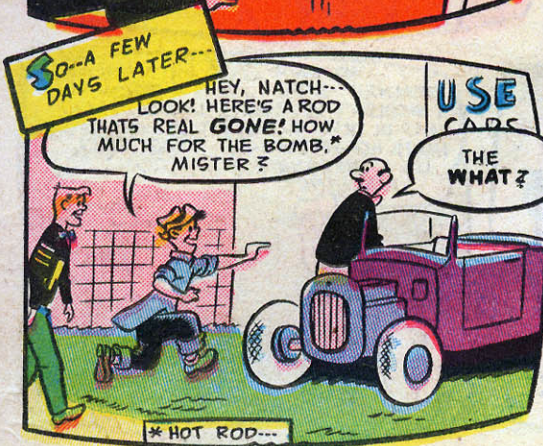
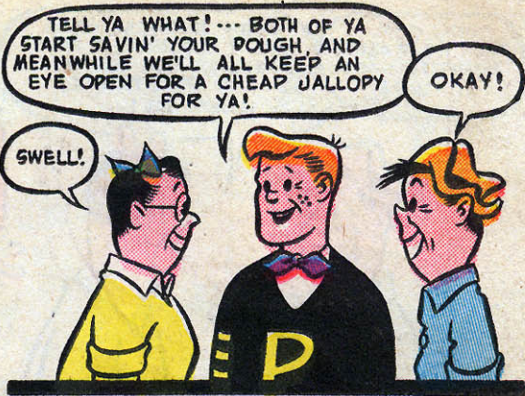
in
"OUR MERRY OLD JALLOP!"

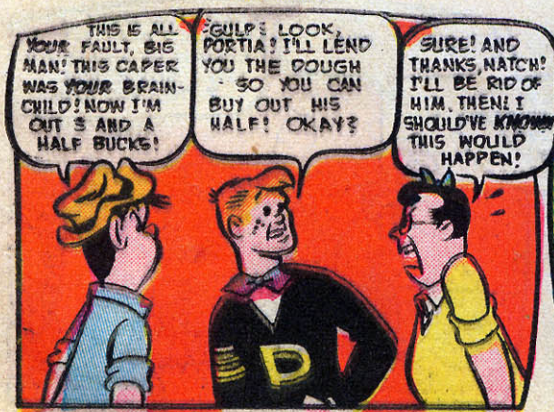
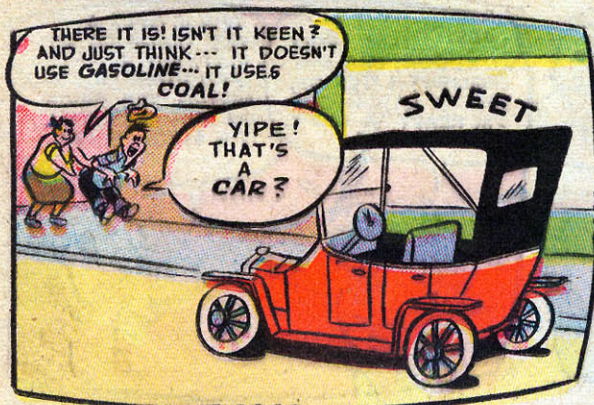


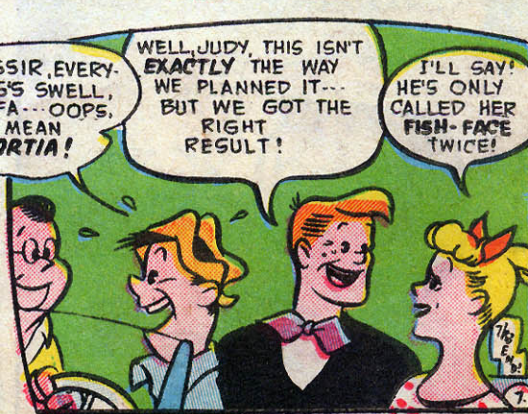
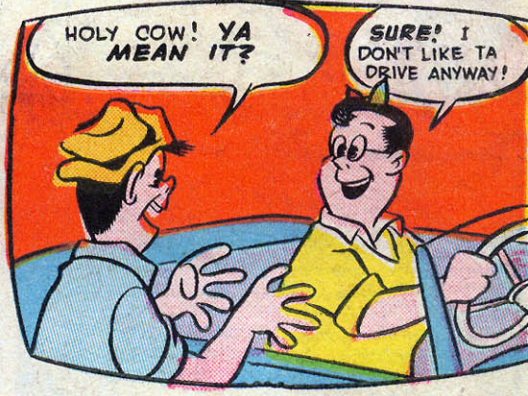
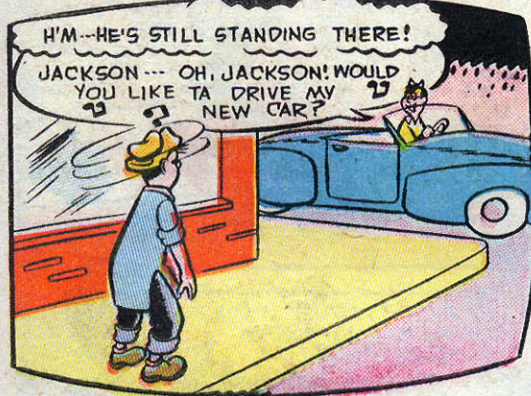
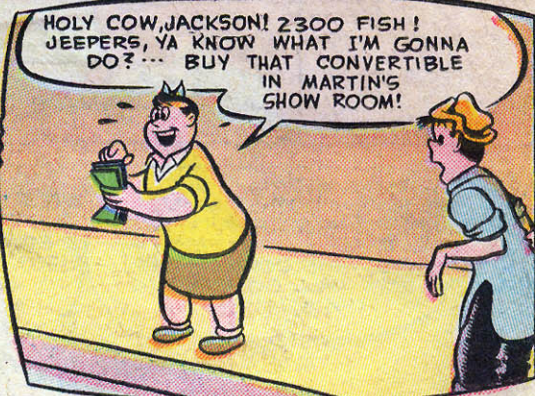
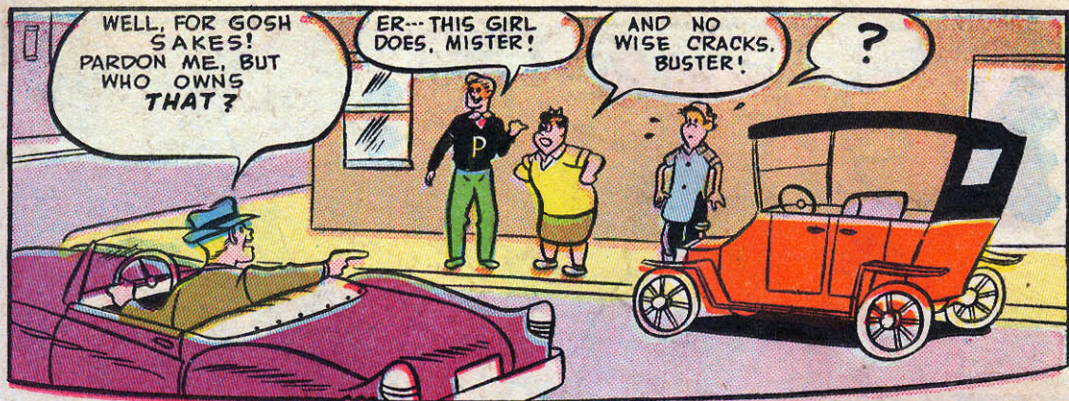












SCAT

HMM!
THAT BOY
CERTAINLY
TACKLED
HIS HOME-
WORK
EARLY!

ONE HOUR LATER...

MOM, I'M REALLY
PROUD OF OUR
SON! I'VE NEVER
SEEN SUCH DILIG-
ENCE AND CON-
CENTRATION
BEFORE! ---
LOOK AT...
HIM!

I'M SO
HAPPY, DAD!
IT SHOWS HE
WANTS TO SUC-
CEED IN LIFE!
HE'S WILLING TO
WORK HARD
IN ORDER
TO LEARN!

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT
HE DOESN'T GIVE UP!
LOOK! THAT'S TWENTY TIMES
HE'S THROWN AWAY EVERY-
THING HE'S DONE! THAT
BOY WILL GO A LONG
WAY IN LIFE!

3 HOURS LATER... SCAT,
YOUR
FATHER AND I ARE
GOING TO BED NOW,
BUT WE JUST WANT YOU
TO KNOW WE'VE NOTICED
HOW HARD YOU'VE BEEN
WORKING TONIGHT!

AND WE'RE PROUD
OF YOU, SON! MOST
TEENAGERS WOULD
BE DOWN AT THE
JUKERY INSTEAD OF
DOING WHAT YOU'RE
DOING! YOU'RE
BOUND TO SUC-
CEED, BOY!

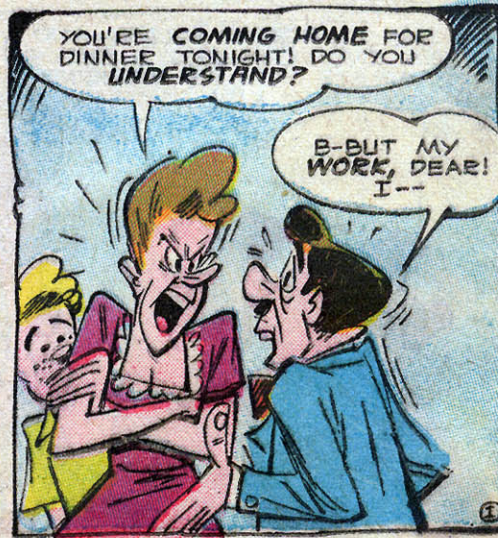
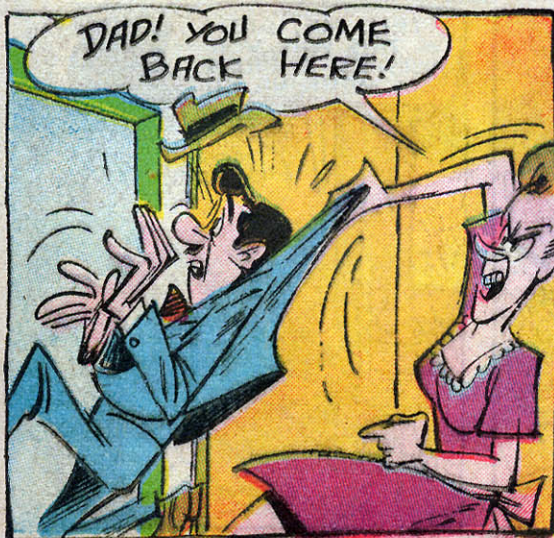
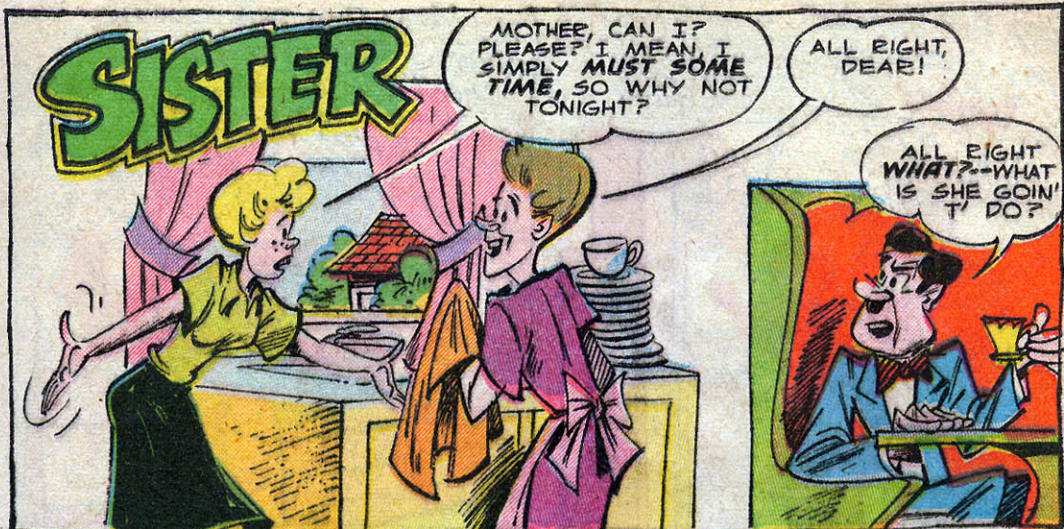
I
HOPE SO,
POP! I THINK
I'VE JUST
ABOUT GOT
IT NOW!

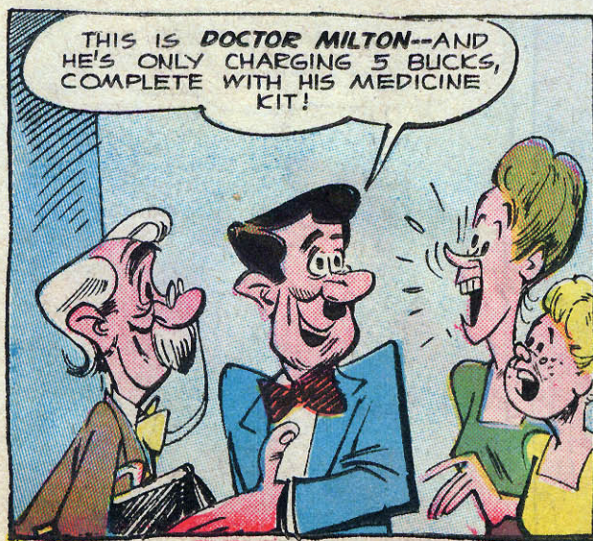
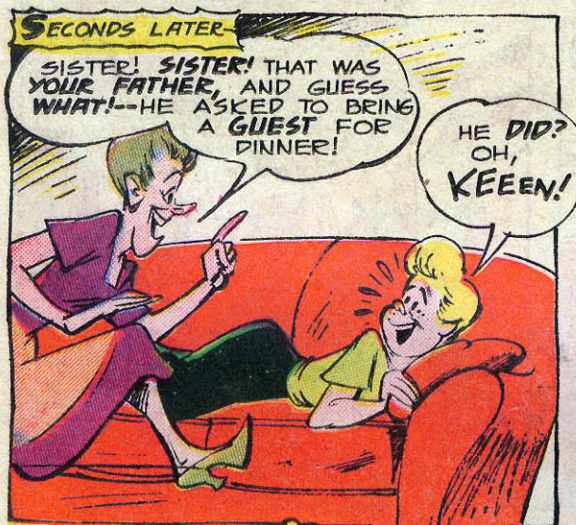
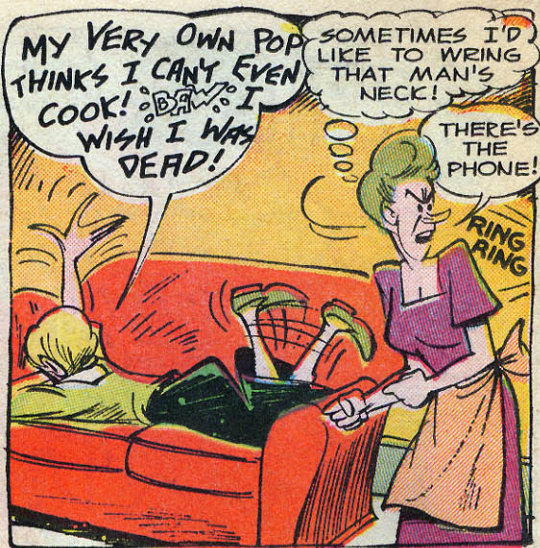
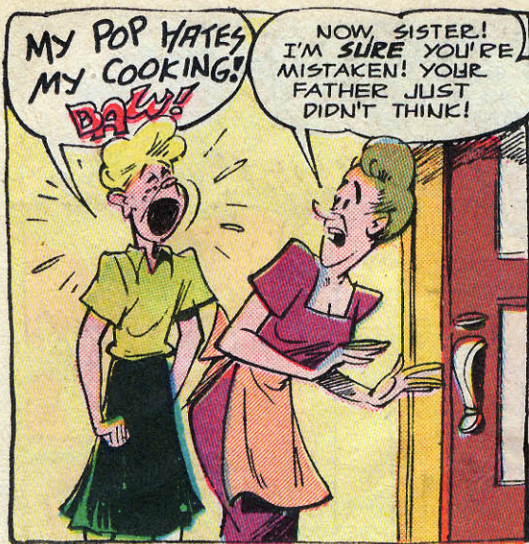
FINALLY... AT LAST! BY GOSH, I
THINK THIS IS IT!
ANYWAY, I'LL KNOW AFTER I
HAND IT TO HER TOMORROW!
...HARDEST JOB I
EVER HAD!

IT AIN'T EASY TELLIN' A
CHICK YOU'RE NUTS
ABOUT HER!

Pops, baby
I've had an awful
time trying to figure out
how to tell you this, but
I think you're the slickest
and how's about givin'
steady with me and
bein' my own lil'
cuddles bug?
P.s. please answer this
in the study hall.
Scat

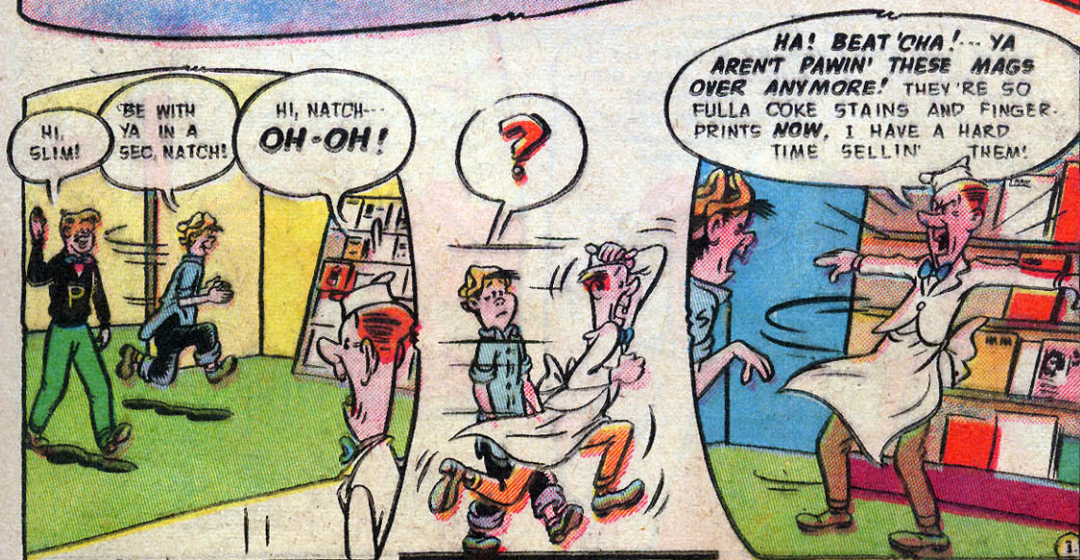
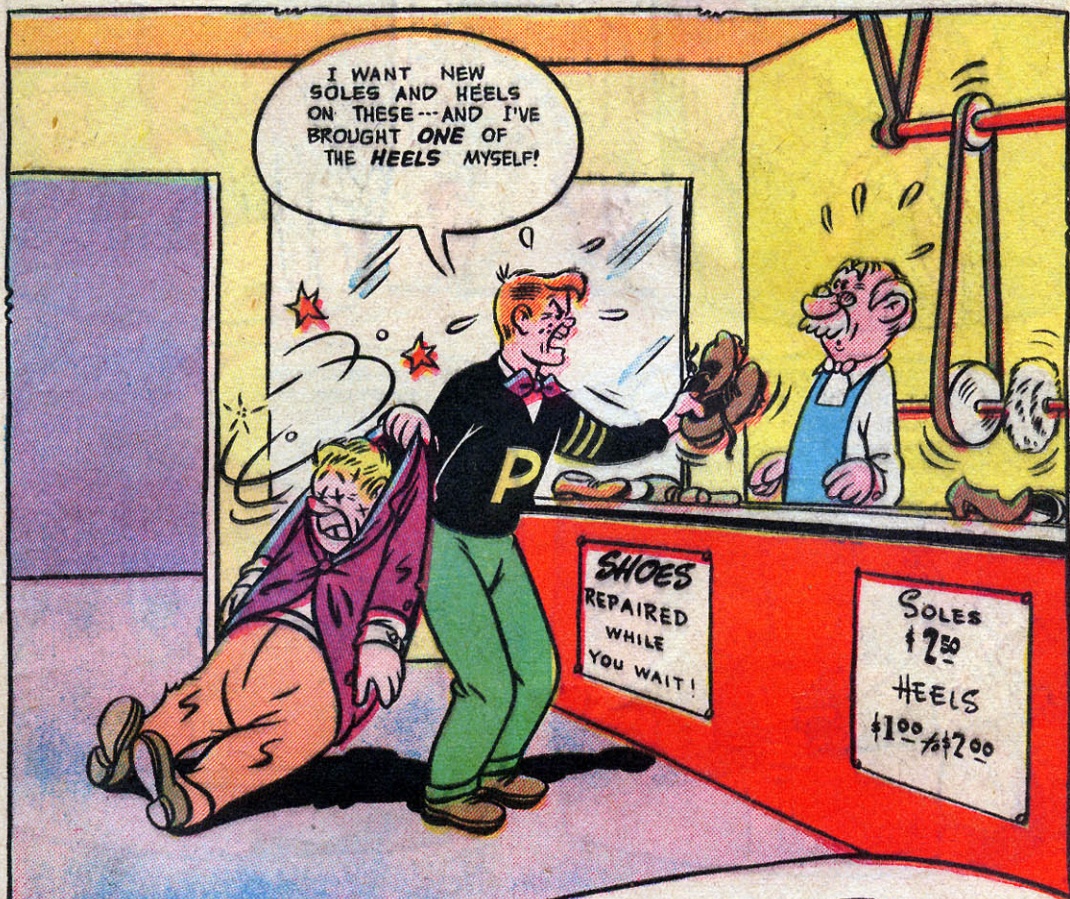
THE
END

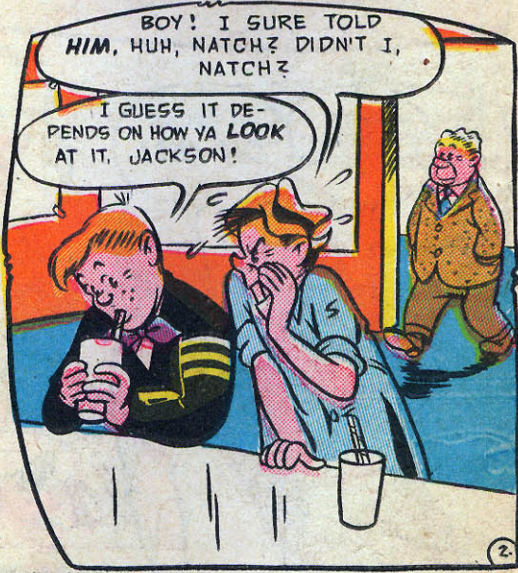
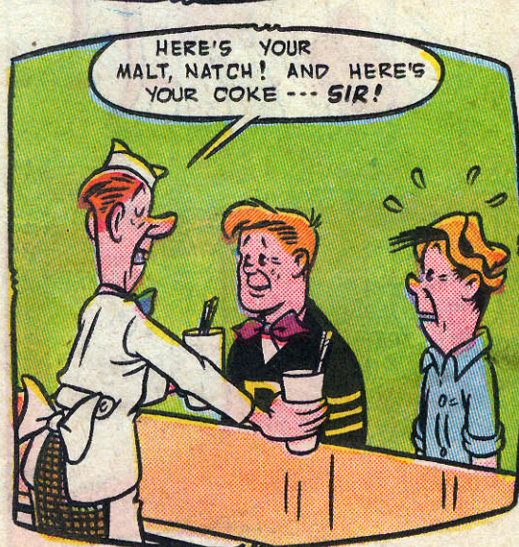
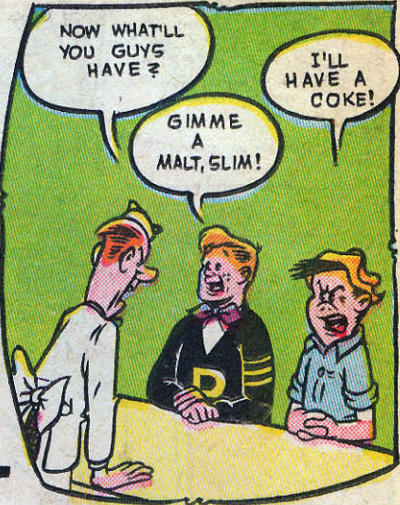


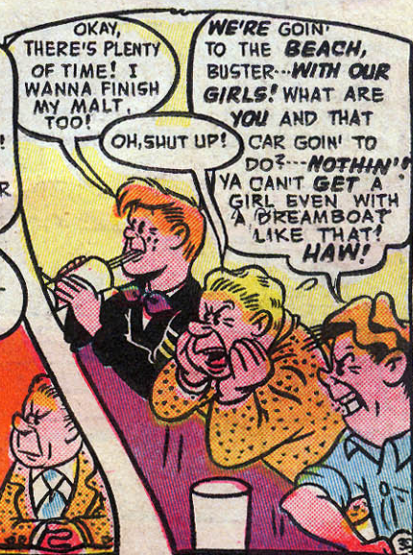
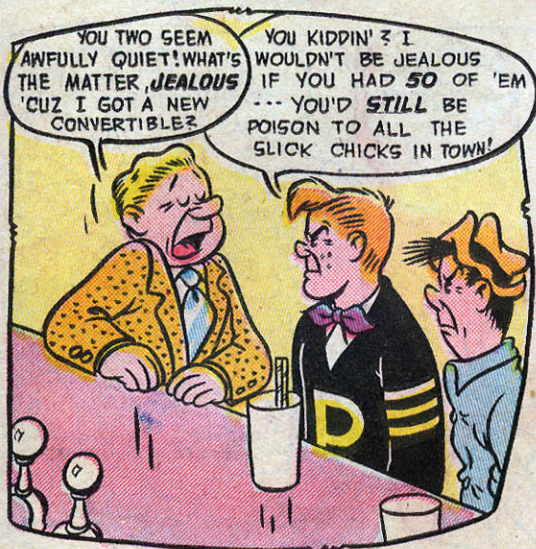
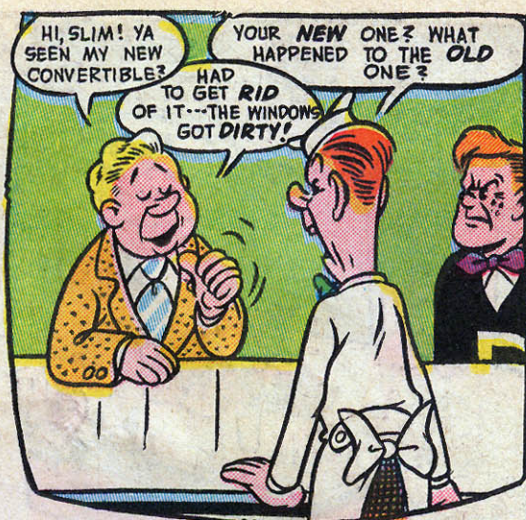
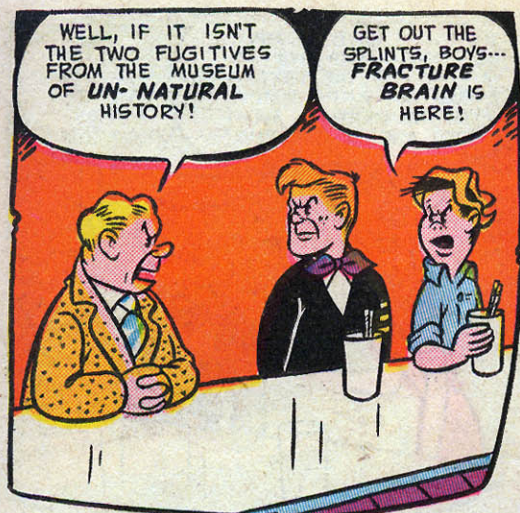


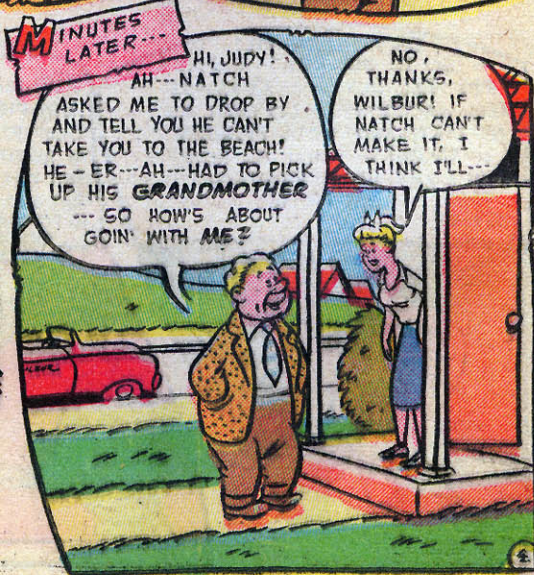
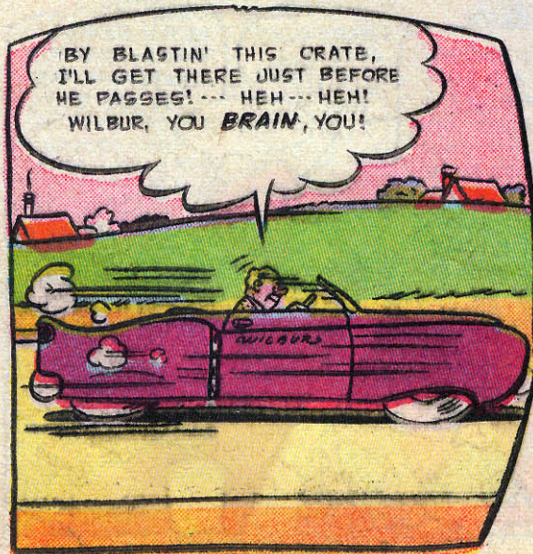
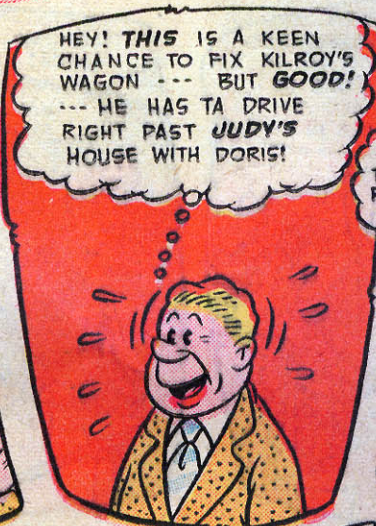
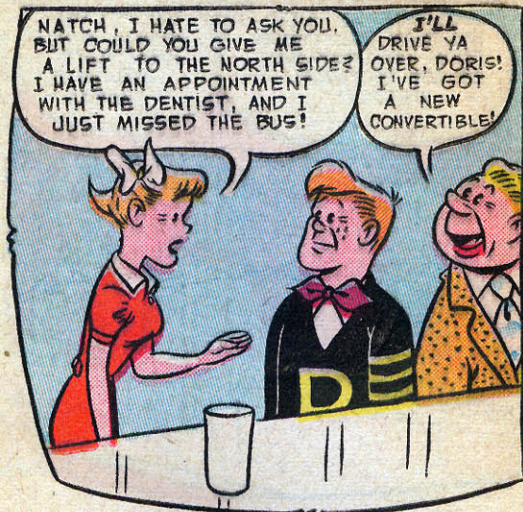
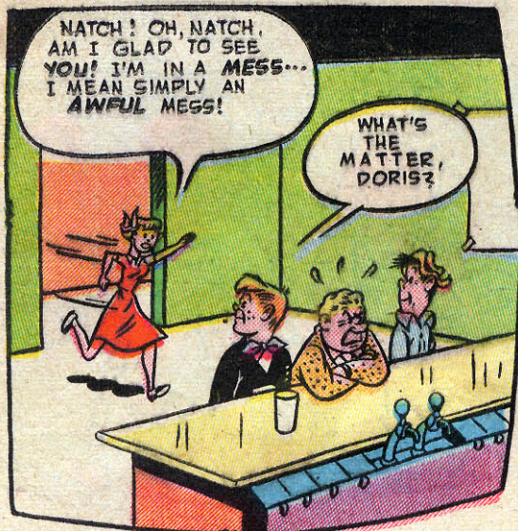
The KILROYS

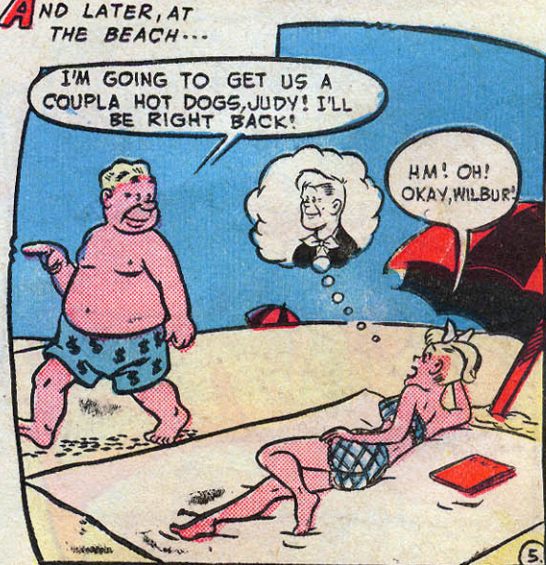
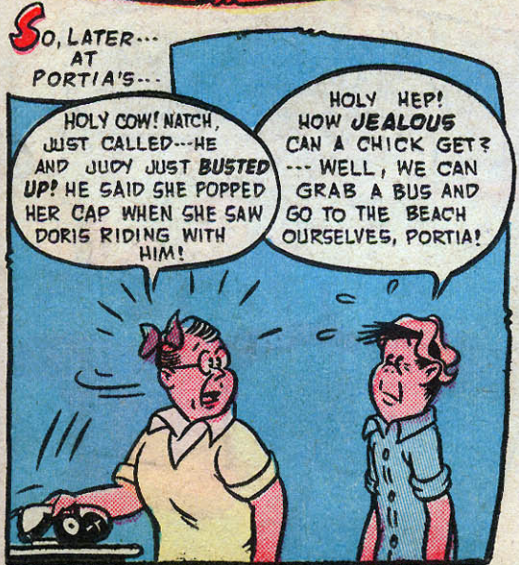
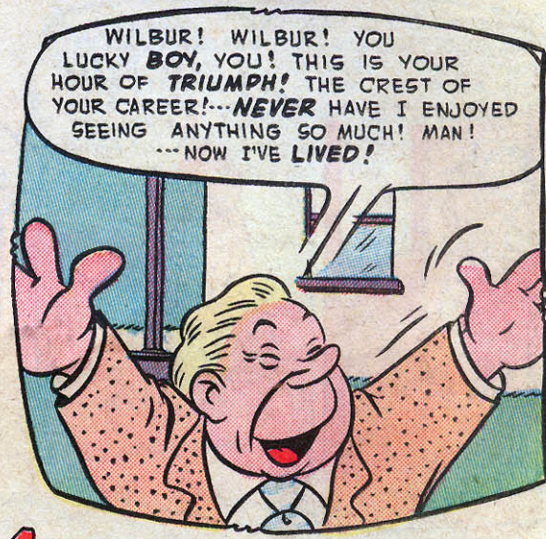
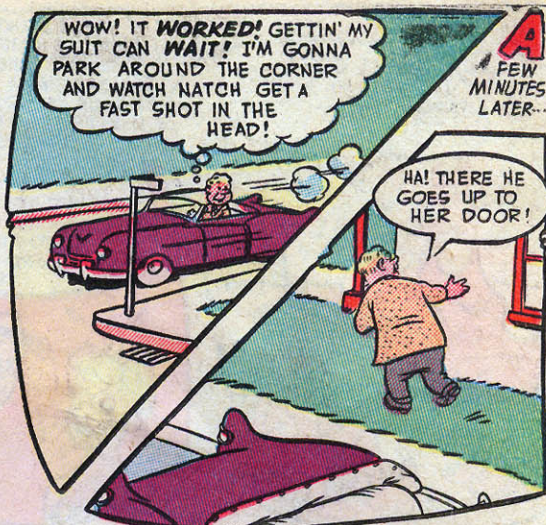
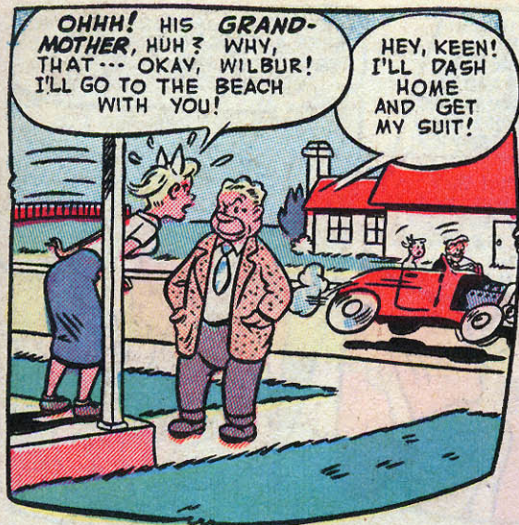
in "WILY WILBUR!"

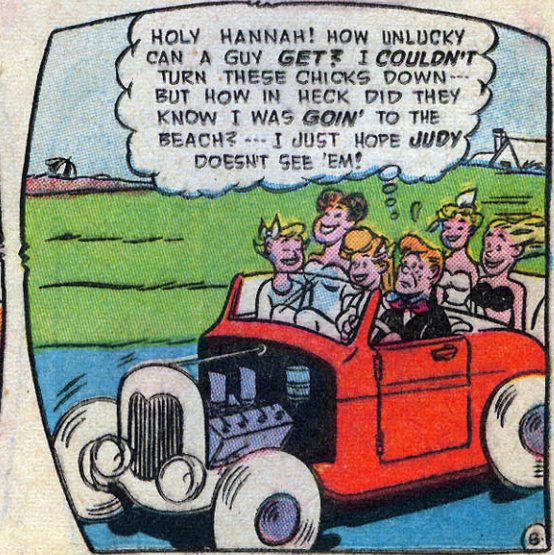
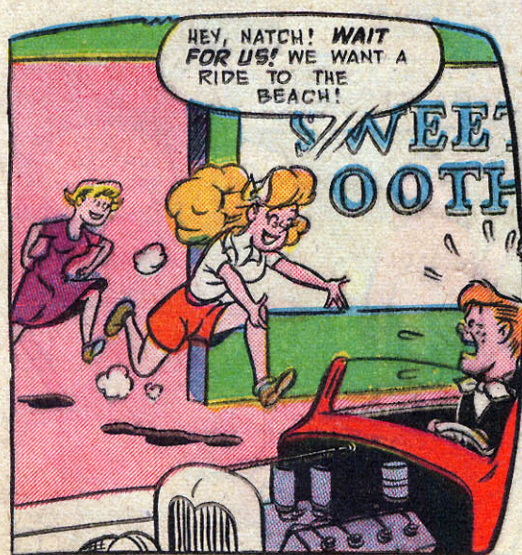
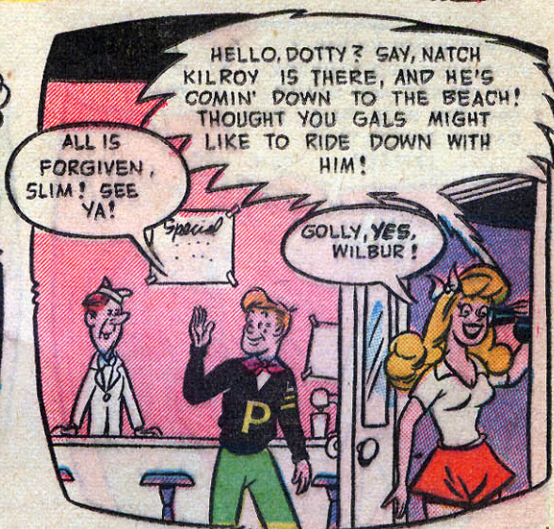
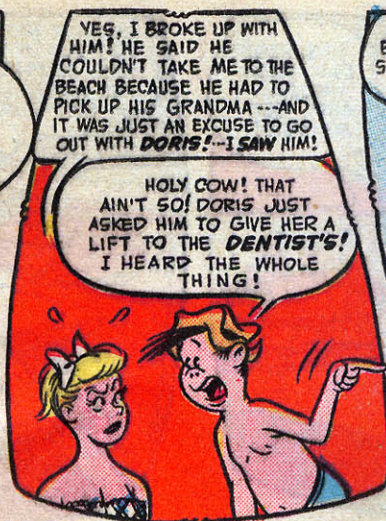




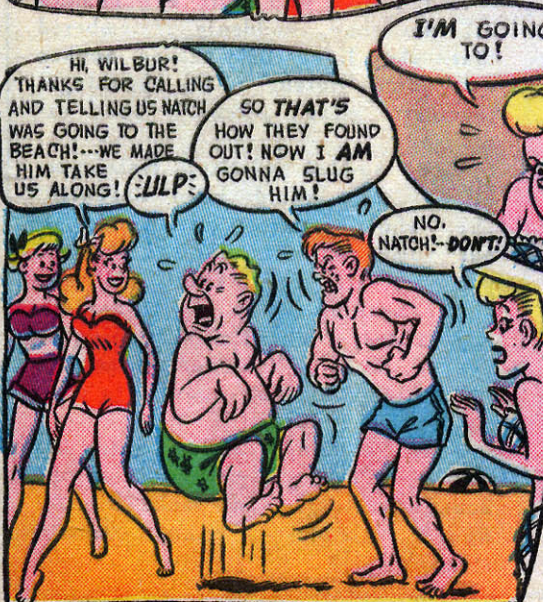
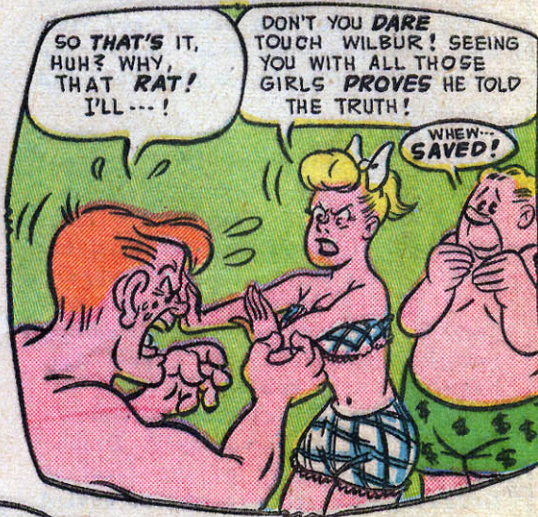
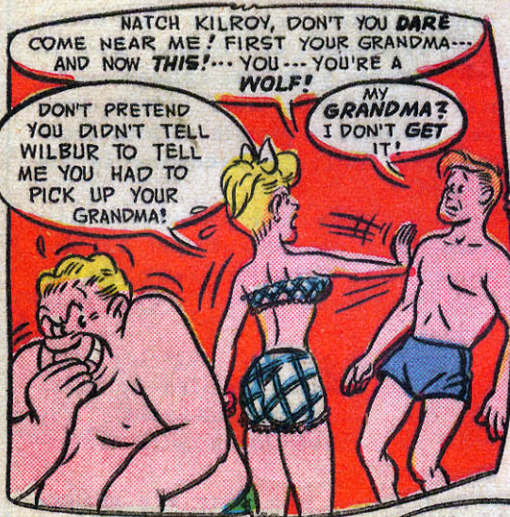
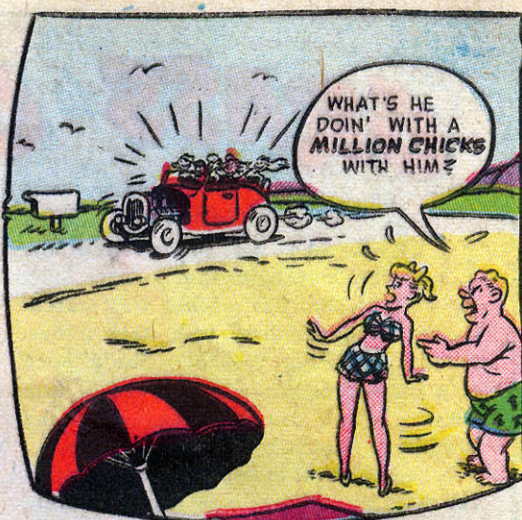
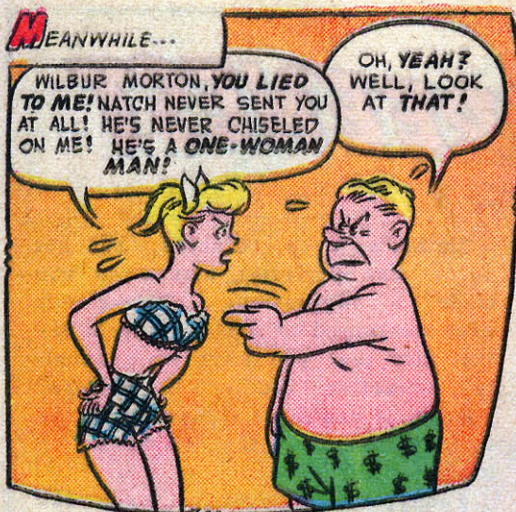








MEANWHILE...



The GRASS is GREENEST

HELEN SAT AT the window and stared out into the street. She had no idea that her mother was watching her and thinking with deep understanding, "Poor Helen! She's been at a loss ever since we moved to this town. Just doesn't seem to make friends easily...."

A wise mother sometimes doesn't say half the things she may be thinking. Aloud, Helen's mother said, "Why don't you run across and visit that nice girl next door, dear? She seems to want to be so friendly. And I'm sure..."

A look of scorn clouded Helen's face as she thought of "that nice girl next door". "Oh, mother, she's so... so...nothing! I mean she's cute-looking and smart and all that, but gosh! She's just *not my type!*"

"I should have thought she was very much your type, dear," mother remarked mildly. "She's your age, likes the things you do..."

Again that look of scorn on Helen's face. "But she's a *baby!*" Dreamily, Helen thought of the clannish little clique of girls that she so envied and wanted to join. Now, *there* was a set of friends to have! They were all a year or so older and soooo smooth!

"But they're...hard to get to know!" For the first time, Helen admitted to her mother what the real trouble was. "I've tried to talk to them, but...well, they just aren't *interested* in me! I guess it's because I'm not seventeen yet! And their clothes are stunning, mother, and they always have perfect makeup and..."

"I see." Helen's mother appeared to be digesting the picture of this glamorous, but unattainable, set of girls. "And *that's* the kind of girl you'd like to be friendly with?"

"Of course!"

Mother's eyes twinkled, but her voice was perfectly serene as she made a suggestion. "Have you ever mentioned to these young ladies the fact that you have an unusually attractive brother in college? I mean, if you're at a loss for things to say to them, that might be an ice-breaker!"

Funny, how right mothers can be sometimes! That very afternoon, Helen casually mentioned the existence of brother Bob in his senior year at college. To make matters more interesting, she produced a picture of him, looking very tall and handsome in his football togs.

Cecile, who had pitch-black hair worn in a poodle cut, put her arm around Helen's shoulder and squealed, "Oh, isn't he cute? When's he coming home?"

Adelaide, whose page-boy was a golden shimmer, smiled at Helen for the first time and said, "Why don't you have lunch with me tomorrow?"

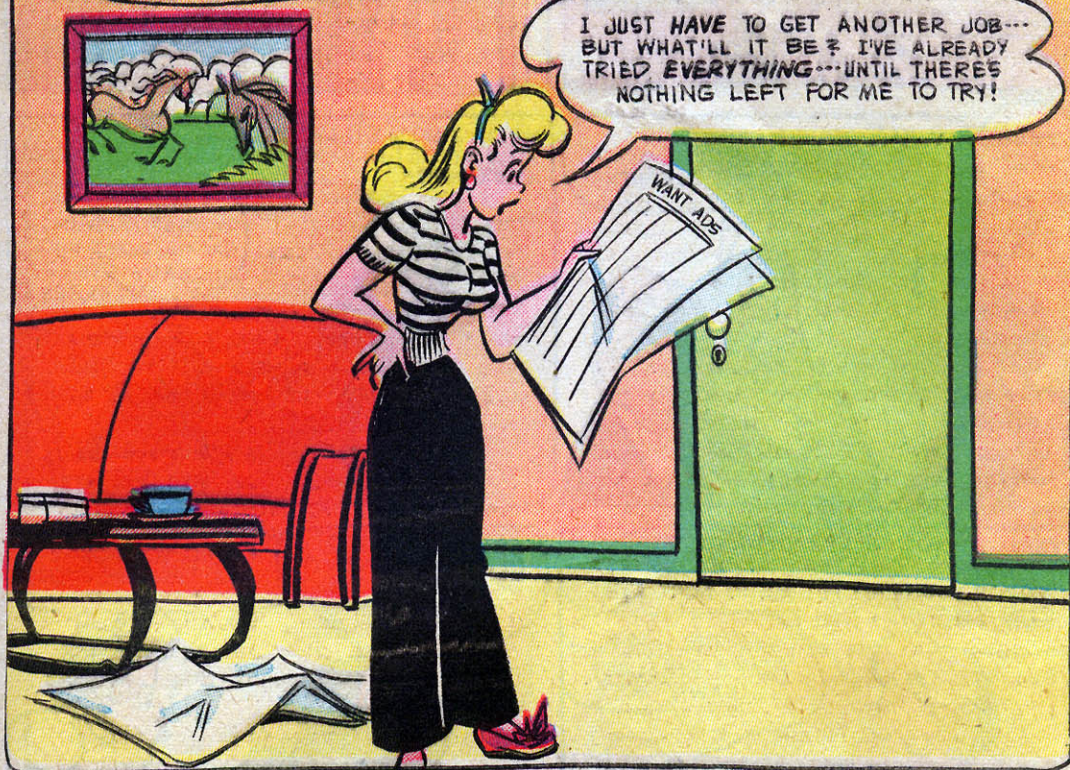
And Patty, who wore eye shadow all the time, suddenly remembered that she lived only three houses away from Helen. "We should get together more often!" she exclaimed.

With sudden clarity, Helen realized that she'd been accepted! She should have felt wonderful, but somehow, she didn't. "Thank you for all the invitations," she said, backing away. To herself, she added, "But I'm *not* going to accept them! You don't want *me* as a friend, all you want is to meet my handsome brother!"

That evening, Helen told her mother, "I'm going across to the house next door, and make friends! *Real* friends! And, mom... thanks!"

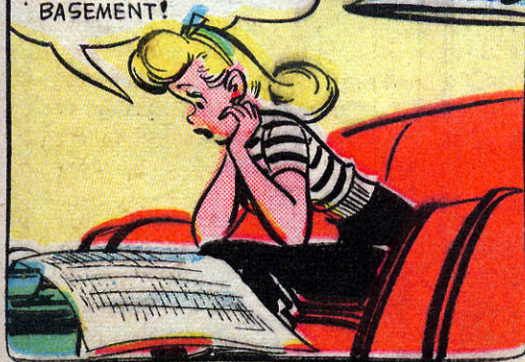
MORONICA

MISS NIT-WIT of 1952



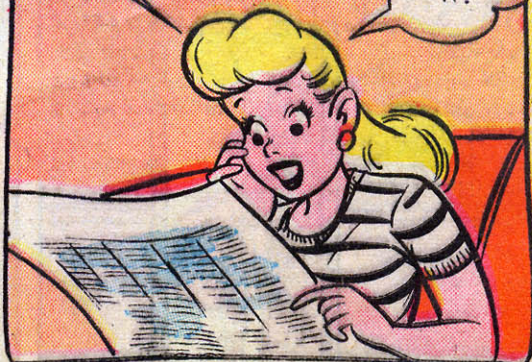
I JUST HAVE TO GET ANOTHER JOB...
BUT WHAT'LL IT BE? I'VE ALREADY
TRIED **EVERYTHING**...UNTIL THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TO TRY!

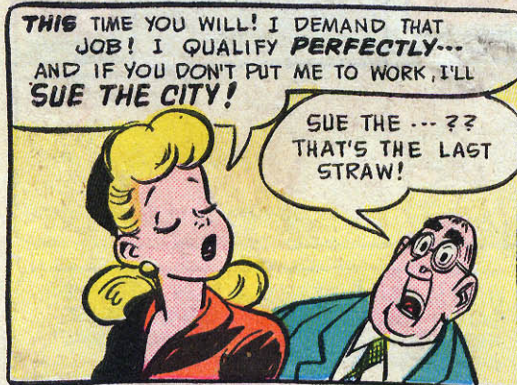
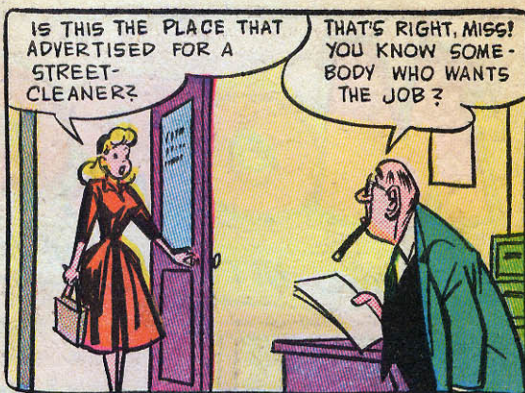
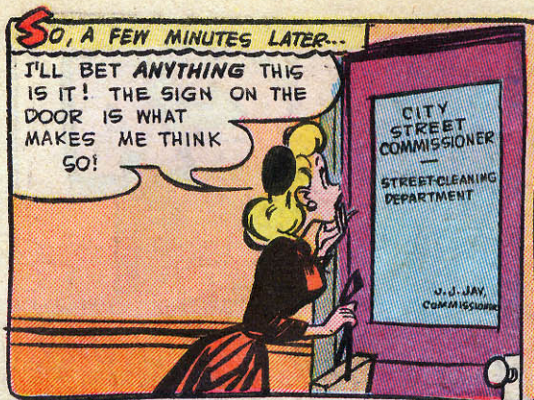
HERE'S ONE! GIRL WANTED... HOUSE-
TO-HOUSE CANVASSING... THAT LETS
ME OUT! I DON'T KNOW THE FIRST
THING ABOUT **PUTTING CANVAS ON A
HOUSE!**... I WOULDN'T EVEN
KNOW WHETHER TO **BEGIN AT
THE ROOF OR THE
BASEMENT!**

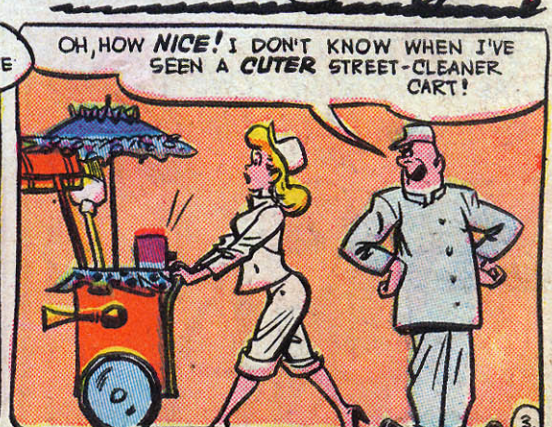
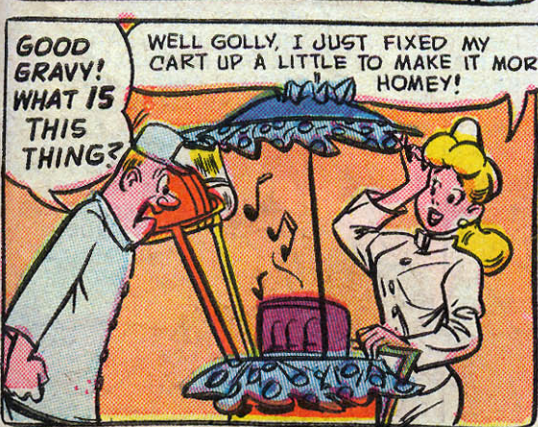
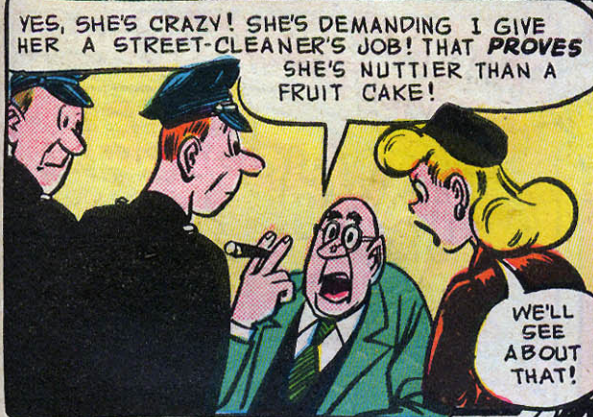
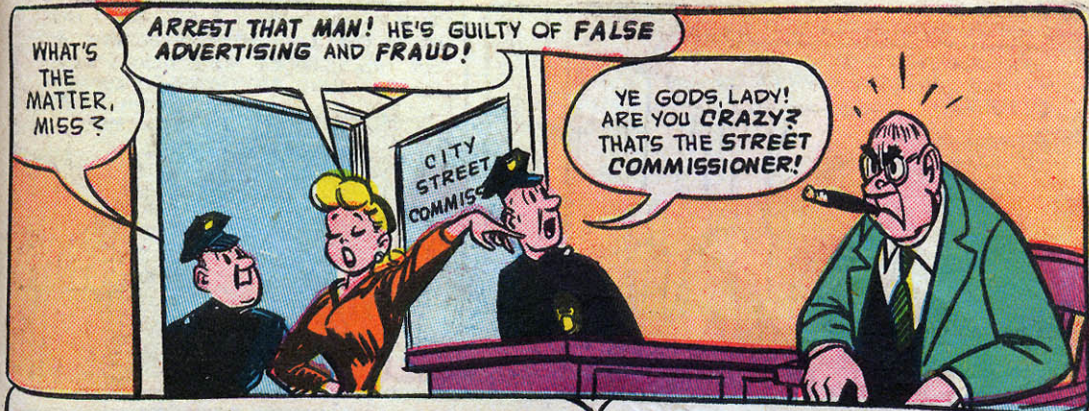


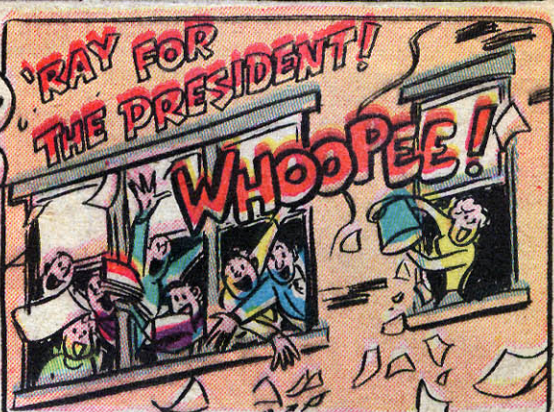
WAIT! WAIT! HERE'S A JOB I'VE NEVER
TRIED, AND IT SAYS NO **EXPERIENCE
NEEDED!**... "**APPLY STREET-CLEANING
DEPARTMENT, CITY HALL!**"

I'LL DO
IT!









THAT CERTAINLY MAKES SENSE, DOESN'T IT? AFTER ALL, WHAT GOOD IS A STREET-CLEANER WITHOUT A MESSY STREET?

I DUNNO WHY POOR COPS LIKE ME CAN'T GET MURDERERS AND ROBBERS TO CONTEND WITH--INSTEAD OF PEOPLE LIKE THIS!

LISTEN, GIRLY, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU! AFTER 20 YEARS ON THE FORCE, YOU'RE NOT ONLY THE **FIRST LADY STREET-CLEANER** I'VE EVER SEEN --- BUT YOU'RE ALSO THE **FIRST CRAZY LADY STREET-CLEANER** I'VE EVER SEEN!

I KNOW IT, AND I'M SO PROUD!

WELL, I'LL BE--- LOOK! I'LL GIVE YOU **ONE HOUR** TO GET THIS MESS CLEANED UP --- OR, SO HELP ME, I'M RUNNING YOU IN!

OF COURSE I'LL CLEAN IT UP! THAT'S WHY I **WANTED IT DIRTY IN THE FIRST PLACE!**---NOW YOU JUST RUN ALONG AND ATTEND TO YOUR COPYING, OR WHAT-
EVER COPS DO!

COPS ARE PEOPLE WHO COPY ???? SO HELP ME, THAT DAME HASN'T GOT ALL HER MAR-
BLES!

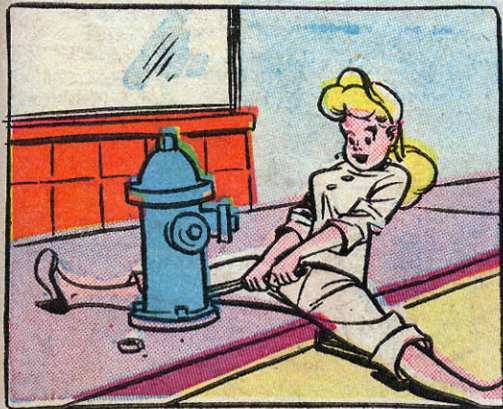
OOO! I JUST LOVE MY NEW JOB! IT'S JUST LIKE SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING MY APART-
MENT!

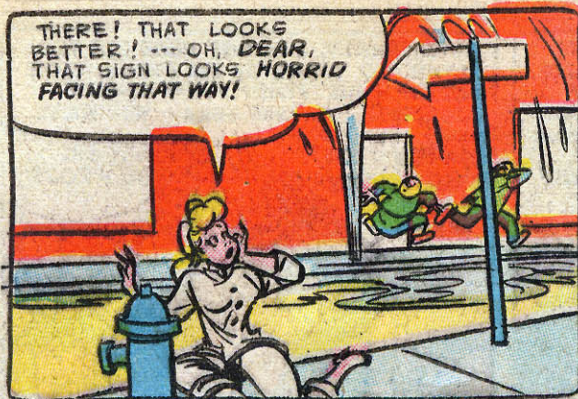
SO, SOMETIME LATER...

THERE! THE STREET'S JUST AS CLEAN AS MY APARTMENT AFTER SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING! --- HM, **SOMETHING** SEEMS WRONG! --- OH, OF **COURSE!** I KNOW WHAT IT IS!

PARDON ME, SIR, BUT WHILE YOU'RE PARKED HERE, MIGHT I BORROW A WRENCH?

SURE!





THERE! THAT LOOKS BETTER! --- OH, DEAR, THAT SIGN LOOKS HORRID FACING THAT WAY!



IT SHOULD FACE THIS WAY TO BALANCE THINGS UP --- THERE!



YE-I-I-I!!

YOO-HOO, OFFICER! WILL YOU HELP ME MOVE THIS TRAFFIC SIGNAL TO THE MIDDLE OF THE BLOCK? IT'LL LOOK CUTE THERE!

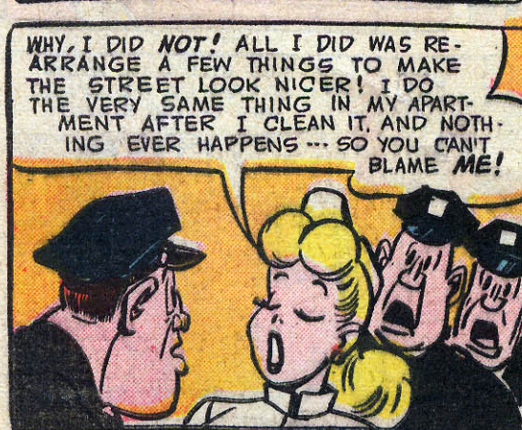


SEND THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! SEND THE RIOT SQUAD! A LADY STREET-CLEANER IS TEARING DOWN THE CITY!

SOMETIME LATER...

OKAY, CLANCY! THE WATER'S SHUT OFF AND THE WRECKAGE IS CLEARED ---

NOW THEN, LADY! DO YOU REALIZE THIS STREET WAS FLOODED --- THAT SIX CARS CRASHED HEAD-ON AND TEN PEOPLE ALMOST DROWNED? AND YOU CAUSED IT ALL!



WHY, I DID NOT! ALL I DID WAS RE-ARRANGE A FEW THINGS TO MAKE THE STREET LOOK NICER! I DO THE VERY SAME THING IN MY APARTMENT AFTER I CLEAN IT, AND NOTHING EVER HAPPENS --- SO YOU CAN'T BLAME ME!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

WELL, HERE I AM --- LOOKING FOR A JOB AGAIN! --- ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THAT STREET COMMISSIONER! AS SOON AS THE FIRST LITTLE THING CAME UP, HE FIRED ME!

WHY NOT, JOE? I'M SURE SHE'S A NUT!

OF COURSE SHE IS! BUT SHE'S NOT THE KIND WE EAT --- SO FORGET IT!



THE END!



YOU
can WIN
this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jovett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH
was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK AT HIM NOW!

Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was
of being **SKINNY** ?

CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



**Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM**

**And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the JOWETT SYSTEM**

for building Real HE-MEN

Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home . . . and I'll
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**.

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**

World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a **Champion of Champions**.

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS**. Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK** and **SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN**, a **WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

George F. Jowett
Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"
• World's wrestling and wr. lifting champ
• World's Strongest Arms
• 4 times "World's Perfect Body" Winner.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my "5-WAY **PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you 5-way fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO . . .**

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2 JOWETT'S Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

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NOW LET ME MAKE YOU A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



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How to Build **MIGHTY LEGS**

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2. MUSCLE METER **DEPT. AM-25**

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1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Mighty He-Man." **ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C.O.D.'s).**

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